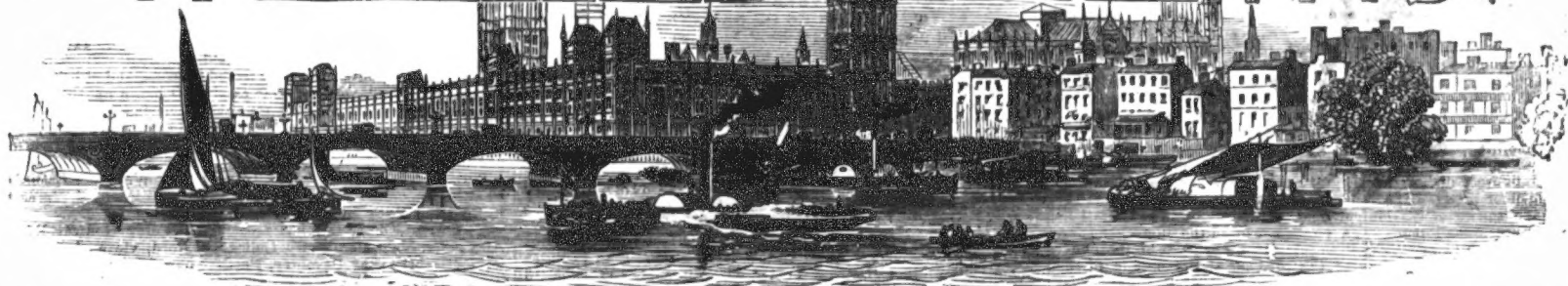


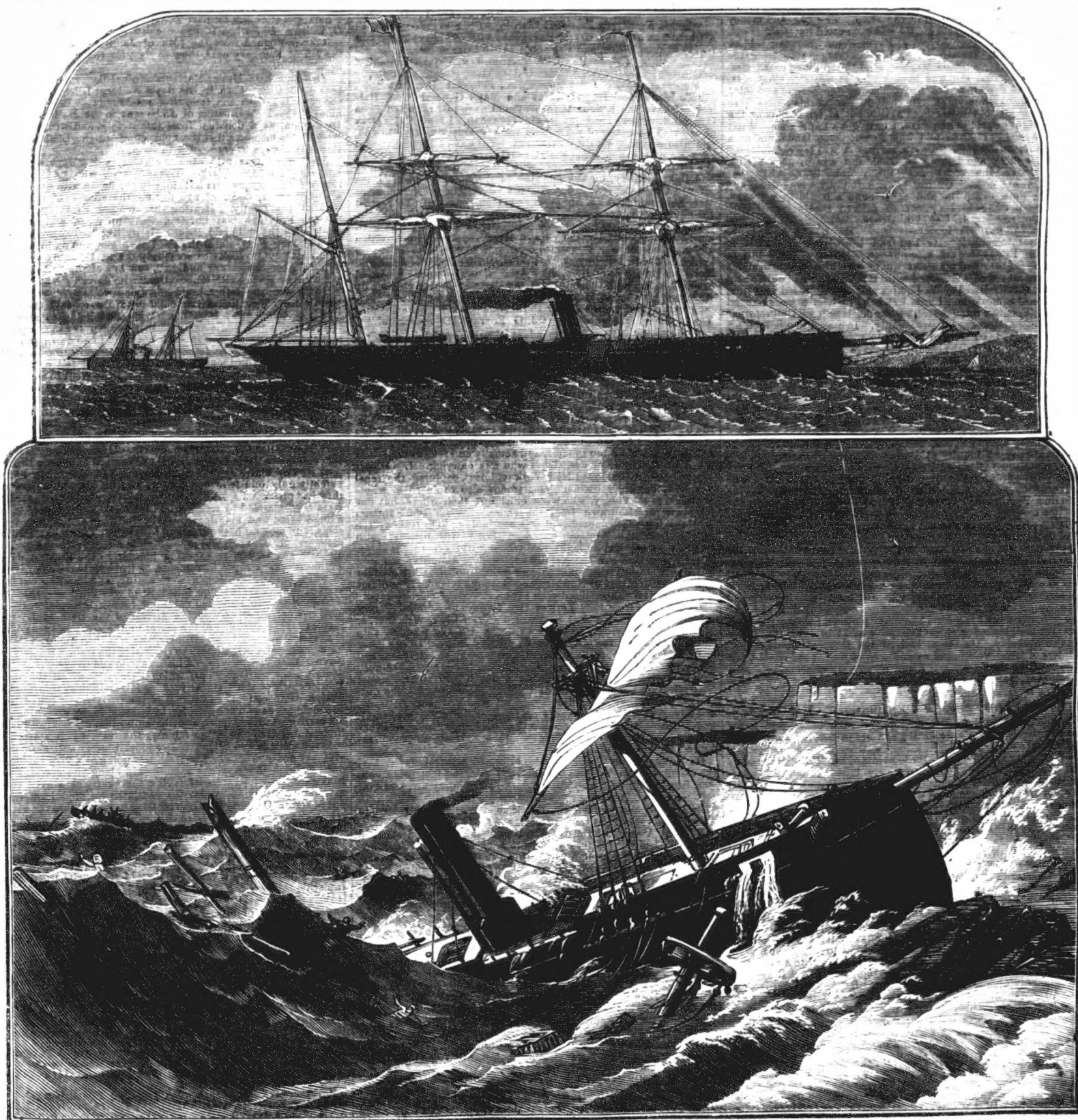
John Buck
PENNY *3 13 Strand*
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



LOSS OF H.M.S. RACEHORSE AND NEARLY ONE HUNDRED LIVES. (See page 482.)

Notes of the Week.

At the Portsmouth Epiphany Sessions, Henry Sutton, instructing assistant-warden in the Portsea Convict Prison, was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, with hard labour, for obtaining money from the friends of convicts. The evidence proved that Sutton, by the aid of one of the convicts immediately under his superintendence, obtained the addresses of the friends of convicts in the prison, and would then write to them asking for money, which was to be forwarded to Sutton's residence, and not to the prison. The letters were written by the convict alluded to as under Sutton's immediate superintendence, but the letter was posted in the envelope by the prisoner himself. The convict assistant, or dupe, at length became alarmed, and gave information to the governor of the prison.

At the Bradford Borough Court, on Saturday, a young man named Thomas Crabtree, employed as a striker in an iron foundry, was charged with having, at an early hour that morning, broken into the house of Mr. Thomas Marshall, grocer and provision dealer, George-street, Bradford, and stolen £2 17s. 9d. and a money-bag. At about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, Mrs. Marshall, wife of the prosecutor, was awake by a noise in the house, and shortly after she saw the figure of a man pass noiselessly across the bedroom floor between the bed and the window, through which the light of the moon was shining. She immediately raised an alarm, telling Mr. Marshall there was a strange man in the house, and Mr. Marshall and two young men sleeping in other parts of the house arose. Mr. Marshall captured the prisoner at the bottom of the staircase, and, being secured, he was afterwards given into the custody of a police-officer. The prisoner had obtained an entrance through the window of the sitting-room, a pane of glass having been broken to enable the thief to thrust back the latch of the sash within. An ineffective attempt had first been made to pick the lock of the outer door. The prisoner had taken off his shoes. Two sovereigns had been stolen from the pockets of Mr. Marshall's trousers in the bedroom, 10s. 6d. from Mrs. Marshall's pocket, and 7s. 3d. and a money-bag from the till in the shop. The bag and money were found upon the prisoner. He was committed for trial.

On Saturday evening, Mr. W. J. Payne, deputy coroner, held an inquiry at No. 3, Adelaide-place, London-bridge, respecting the death of Mr. Lazarus Simon Magnus, aged thirty-nine years. Mrs. Thurgood said that she was housekeeper at Adelaide Chambers, and knew the deceased, who had offices on the second and third floors for about seven years. He slept in one of his rooms. He was in the enjoyment of excellent health, but at ten o'clock on the previous night he said to her, "Oh, I have got a tooth-ache. What is the best remedy?" She told him to put some laudanum on a piece of lint; but he said, "That's no use, I will try chloroform." He was laughing and talking as usual, and was in good spirits. Next morning she could not make him hear when she knocked at his door. Ultimately she found he was dead, and the police were called in and they found a bottle in his hand. There was nothing to lead her to believe that deceased committed suicide. Mr. E. Castello, Grove House, Sydenham, said that deceased was his brother-in-law. He was a coal factor and general merchant. He had bad teeth, and while out in the cold of Friday he got a toothache. Witness asked him to come to Sydenham and his sister would cure him, but he declined to go. He was well acquainted with the properties of chloroform and other chemicals. Dr. W. Jenkins said that deceased died from inhalation of chloroform. In his left hand he held a handkerchief in which there was a sponge. The bottle, labelled "Chloroform," was without a stopper, and was empty. Deceased had lain on his left side and allowed the chloroform to pour out on the sponge, without measuring it; the latter must have held near two ounces, more than sufficient to destroy life. The usual way to take chloroform was to assume a sitting position; then, when insensibility came on, the arm dropped and the inhalation ceased. Coroner: Do you regard chloroform as a poison in the ordinary sense of the word? Witness said: Certainly not. It would not have been usual or necessary to label the bottle "Poison." The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Coxwell, one of the coroners for the county, opened an inquiry at Portsmouth, near Southampton, into the circumstances attending the death of William Harvey, who was killed on Saturday night, just before midnight, at the St. Denis level crossing, on the London and South Western Railway, about a mile from Portsmouth. The deceased and his wife were upon the line in a donkey-cart, the gate having been left open at the level crossing. The woman was not killed, but was so dangerously injured that but very faint hopes were entertained of her recovery. No evidence was adduced as to the circumstances under which the gates had been left open, but the inquiry was adjourned. Our reporter, on inspection of the spot, observed that the gates were not such as cross the line, but merely side gates, which opened, and it is understood that the gate-man, who had been in the service of the company for nine years, and never had a mark against him, had inadvertently gone away for a necessary purpose, leaving the gates open, the mail train due at Southampton at 11.30 then being two minutes over-due. On the arrival of the train at Southampton splinters of wood were found upon the front part of the engine, and on further search the cart was found completely smashed to atoms. The donkey, however, had escaped uninjured.

THE LOSS OF THE RACEHORSE WAR STEAMER.

The illustration in the front page represents the loss of H.M. screw steamer Racehorse. The following account is from the North China Daily News:—

"We regret to have to report the total loss of her Majesty's despatch boat Racehorse, which occurred on the evening of the 4th of November, in the bay of Lung-mun, about twenty miles to the east of Chefoo. At eight o'clock on the above evening, the weather being at the time extremely thick and hazy, it was thought that the vessel was entering Chefoo harbour, to which Lung-mun bay bears a great resemblance. Similar accidents have occurred on previous occasions, as, for instance, in the case of the British barque Homer, which was totally wrecked there during last winter, and the steamer Swatow, which, under similar circumstances, was indebted to a mere accident for preservation from destruction. As soon as the Racehorse went ashore the masts were cut away, and every attempt made to lighten her and get her off. These efforts were, however, unsuccessful, as a gale, which had been threatening for some time previously, set in with most terrific violence, and prevented the men from either working at the ship or launching the boats. Nothing remained then for the crew to do but to fasten themselves down as best they could. Enormous seas continued to sweep over the deck, so that next morning, out of a total strength of 108 officers and men, only nine survivors were found, the rest having perished of cold and exhaustion, or having been swept off the decks. The survivors are the commander, the paymaster, boatswain, and six sailors, who saved themselves by taking to the last remaining boat, and drifting about for thirty-six hours, when they were picked up by a junk. On the morning after the wreck H.M. gunboat Insolent, accompanied by a French despatch vessel, cruised for a considerable time in the neighbourhood, but did not succeed in picking up any of the crew."

For Toothache, Tic-doloreux, Faciache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, 6 post, 14 stamps, Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—Advt.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter says:—"All classes of the French people will learn with unfeigned sorrow, with which their English neighbours will fully sympathise, that the Empress of the French derives no benefit from either doctors or waters. Mysterious rumours are muttered about her Majesty being afflicted with the same disease which proved fatal to her sister. Let us confine our remarks to the hope that these reports are unfounded, and that the munificent dispenser of charity may long be spared to the nation."

AMERICA.

THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

An official despatch from General Sherman to the President, dated at Savannah, on Thursday, the 22nd December, announces his occupation of that city, and the capture of one hundred and fifty guns, a large quantity of ammunition, and about 26,000 bales of cotton. General Sherman's brief despatch is supplemented by an official despatch from General Foster to General Grant, in which the particulars of the occupation of the city are given. General Foster states that Savannah was occupied by General Sherman on the 21st ult., and that on the preceding day and night General Hardee, anticipating an assault, had escaped with the main body of his infantry and light artillery, by crossing the river to Union Causeway, opposite the city. The Confederate iron-clads were blown up and the navy-yard burned. All the rest of the city remains intact, and contains 20,000 citizens, who are quiet and well disposed. The captures include, according to General Foster, 800 prisoners, 150 guns, 13 locomotives, 190 cars, a large supply of ammunition, and other material of war, three steamers, and 33,000 bales of cotton (General Sherman says 25,000). The fleet was in communication with the city, and arrangements were making to clear the channel of all obstructions.

The despatches of General Sherman and General Foster are as follows:—

"Savannah, Ga., Dec. 22.

"To his Excellency President Lincoln,—I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

(Signed) "W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

"Steamer Golden Gate, Savannah River,

seven p.m., Thursday, Dec. 22.

"To Lieutenant-General Grant and Major-General H. W. Halleck,—I have the honour to report that I have just returned from General Sherman's headquarters in Savannah. I send Major Gray of my staff as bearer of despatches from General Sherman to you, and also a message to the President. The city of Savannah was occupied on the morning of the 21st. General Hardee, anticipating the contemplated assault, escaped with the main body of his infantry and light artillery, on the morning of the 20th, by crossing the river to Union Causeway, opposite the city. The rebel iron-clads were blown up, and the Navy-yard was burned. All the rest of the city is intact, and contains 20,000 citizens, quiet and well-disposed. The captures include 800 prisoners, 150 guns, thirteen locomotives in good order, 190 cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, three steamers, and 33,000 bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses. All these valuable fruits of an almost bloodless victory have been, like Atlanta, fairly won. I opened communication with the city with my steamer to day, taking up what torpedoes we could see, and passing safely over others. Arrangements are made to clear the channel of all obstructions.—Yours, &c. (Signed) "J. G. FOSTER, Major-General."

The Associated Press correspondent telegraphs the following, respecting the Federal attack on Wilmington, from Fortress Monroe, under date the 27th ult.

"I have just arrived here on the Santiago de Cuba, from off Wilmington. The attack on Fort Fisher commenced at noon of Saturday, 24th, continued all day, was resumed on Sunday, and kept up with great vigour all day. The fort is much damaged. All the barracks and store-houses were burnt, and the garrison driven to the bomb-proofs, and scarcely venturing to reply. A small portion of our troops landed Sunday afternoon, skirmished with great gallantry, pushed up to the fort, and actually entered the work, and killed a rebel bearer of despatches who was entering. Lieutenant Wallen, one of the 142nd New York regiment, captured the rebel flag from the outer bastion. Our troops also captured a whole battalion of the enemy, who were outside of their works, but our forces were withdrawn from the shore. When the Santiago de Cuba left the bombardment was continuing. On Sunday the sailors from the Santiago captured Pond Hill battery, with sixty-five men, and brought the whole party off to the ships. The torpedo boat was successfully exploded on Saturday morning at two o'clock, but with what success is not known. The weather has been most severe at Newbern and Roanoke Island. The oldest inhabitant never experienced such severe storms."

Latest news from New York of Dec. 29 says:—Admiral Porter reports that his whole fleet bombarded Fort Fisher, Wilmington, on Saturday, having previously exploded a large powder ship under the walls of the fort, the shock doing damage. In one hour the fire of Fort Fisher was silenced, two magazines exploded, and the fort fired in several places. The bombardment continued until dark. On the afternoon of Sunday about 3,000 troops, under Weitzel, landed, under the fire of the fleet, some entering the out-works, and capturing a flag. Weitzel captured two batteries, and advanced within fifty yards of the fort. Finding an assault impracticable, however, he re-embarked his troops the same evening. About 100 remained ashore on Monday, being unable to re-embark on account of the surf.

On Sunday night General Butler informed Admiral Porter that the assault of Fort Fisher was impracticable, the fort being substantially uninjured as a defensive work by the navy fire, and that nothing but a regular siege would reduce the fort.

Butler has re-embarked his troops, and resolved to return to Fort Monroe as soon as the transports are ready.

Admiral Porter informed General Butler that the fleet could keep the Confederates inside the fort from showing their heads until the assaulting column was within twenty yards of the works. He thought the capture of the fort by assault, if attempted, would have been easier than supposed. The admiral considers the 100-pounder Parrot guns unfit for the service. Six of them exploded, killing and wounding forty-five men.

A REV. GENERAL KILLED.—Says the Washington Star:—"The rebel brigadier-general Cranberry, reported by General Hood killed at the battle of Franklin, will be remembered here as the Rev. J. C. Cranberry, of the Virginia Conference Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was formerly pastor of the 'Church South' on Eighth-street, served two years in Washington, and was then appointed to the college at Charlottesville, Virginia, where he was officiating as chaplain when the rebellion broke out. As a minister he was highly esteemed while here, both as a pastor and a pulpit orator. He was thirty-eight years of age when he died, and his numerous acquaintance in Washington will regret his death in an unholy cause."

BOY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR 2s.—A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 300,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

General News.

THERE are still 120 military officers above the rank of captain holding the Waterloo medal. Of these 18 are generals, 22 lieutenant-generals, 24 major-generals, 19 colonels, 24 lieutenant-colonels, and 13 majors. Three or four years since the number of officers wearing this medal (above the rank of captain) was 150.

THE youngest baronet is Henry Hayes Lawrence, who is not yet one year old, and who became a baronet on the death of his father, Sir Alex. H. Lawrence, in India.

A LEICESTERSHIRE coroner's jury have denounced the wearing of cricoline by domestic servants whilst engaged in their household duties. A very bad case occurred in the borough. A young woman was literally roasted in consequence of her expanded garments catching fire, and the jury directed attention to the means of remedying such calamities. The death of a lady in the same county, from a similar accident, is also reported.

AN Admiralty order has been issued by command of her Majesty directing that all ships of war passing Osborne on their way to Spithead, during the Queen's stay at her marine residence in the Isle of Wight, shall in future fire the usual salutes, which since the death of his royal highness, the Prince Consort, have been discontinued.

THE Rev. R. Catley, M.A., minor canon of Worcester Cathedral, has been appointed principal surrogate of the diocese of Worcester, in the room of the late Rev. R. Sargeant, deceased.

THE Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. Godfrey Edward Alexander, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, vicar of Woodford with Membri, near Davenry, Northamptonshire, to the rectory of Stoke Bliss, near Teunbury, Worcestershire, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Thomas Edwards Mytton Holland, M.A. The vicarage of Woodford, which becomes vacant by Mr. Alexander's preferment, is worth £450 a year, and is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

THE judgeship of the county court of Warwickshire has become vacant by the death of Mr. William Nicholls.

HER MAJESTY held a Privy Council at Osborne on Saturday, which was attended by Earl De Grey and Ripon, the Right Hon. C. Villiers, &c., when it was decided that parliament should be further prorogued from the 13th of January inst. to Tuesday, the 7th of February next, then to meet for the "despatch of business."

THE Shoreham Master Mariners' Mutual Benevolent Society has sent a donation of £5 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, accompanied with the following resolution:—"Resolved unanimously, that a contribution of £5 be sent to the National Lifeboat Institution, as a donation from this society, and with the earnest wish of the members that the noble efforts of the Lifeboat Institution may always be crowned with success."

AN inquest was held at Trowbridge, a few days ago, on the body of Mrs. Ann Clark. The deceased, who had been bed-ridden for some time, was left alone in the house with her daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, during the absence of other members of the family. Hearing her mother groaning, the girl left the body she was nursing, went up-stairs, and found her mother, as the child said, "quite sleepy like." The woman asked for a looking-glass, which the child gave her, and on looking into it, she said, "I do look like somebody there; I do look as if I was dying. I can see heaven and hell, and lots of people I do know." "Mother," said the girl, innocently, "who do you see in heaven?" "Our Sarah and father," said the dying woman. "Who do you see in hell?" continued the child. "No one," said the mother, "hell is going away from me. I am now going to give out a hymn, and mind you sing." The baby then began to cry down stairs, and the dying woman told her child to go down and attend to it, and she did. The father came in soon afterwards, and the child told him she thought her mother's hands felt cold, and he went and lit a fire in the room, after which he went to see how his wife was, and found her a corpse. The surgeon was of opinion that the deceased died from disease of the heart, having attended her for that complaint recently. Verdict, "Death from natural causes."

A MADMAN IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.—One evening last week two gentlemen were returning by rail from Whitehaven to Liverpool by the night express train from the north. They had apparently only one fellow-passenger, and he did not appear until they had proceeded some distance beyond Carnforth Station. They were then alarmed by seeing a tall, ferocious-looking person, with a huge beard and moustache, wildly running along the carriage steps, and moving backwards and forwards in a most extraordinary manner. As the train was proceeding at a rapid rate, the person in question appeared to be exposing himself to the greatest danger. Amongst other strange movements, he looked into the compartment in which the two gentlemen were sitting, and bursting out into a kind of hysterical laugh, he asked them who they were. The gentlemen so addressed naturally formed the opinion that the man was demented, and on the arrival of the train at Lancaster they called the attention of the porter to the circumstance; but, as if having "method in his madness," he was then quietly seated in his carriage, and was allowed to proceed in the train. Shortly after leaving Lancaster he resumed his eccentric and dangerous performances on the carriage steps, which he continued all the way to Preston, where the train arrived a few minutes before eleven o'clock. Here again the attention of the porters was called to his conduct, but, as at Lancaster, he had managed to seat himself in his carriage, and was quiet, and the authorities did not feel justified in detaining him. In a few minutes the train again started, and between Preston and Wigan his conduct became still more extraordinary and alarming. The train was going at a very rapid pace, during which the man was seen to skip along the carriage steps backwards and forwards, displaying the agility of a cat. At one moment he was seen, whilst the next, like an apparition, he was out of sight. On more than one occasion he looked into the carriage where the two gentlemen were sitting, and, presenting a pistol, declared his intention of shooting them. The terror and alarm which this threat caused may be easily conceived, for the two gentlemen were not in a position to offer any resistance to the madman. It was a great relief to them when the train arrived at Wigan, a little before half-past eleven o'clock. Feeling that their lives were in jeopardy, they jumped out of the train, determined to go no further if their fellow-traveller was allowed to proceed. They informed the authorities there of his extraordinary conduct during the whole of the journey from Carnforth, and ultimately he was taken into custody at Wigan, when he was found to be suffering under a violent attack of delirium tremens.—Liverpool Albion.

HAVE MIND UPON YOUR HEALTH.—DISPENSARY AND FITS.—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints in now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as in Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained of any Herbalist. Sent to all on receipt of four stamps to prepay postage, &c. This work of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated, also treats on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaints, General Debility, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—(Advertisement.)

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER.—The Trade and Travellers supplied with Note Paper, Envelopes, Account Copy, and Memorandum Books, New and Second-hand Account Books, and all articles suited to the trade, cheaper than any house in London. N.B.—Accounts opened and sample parcels forwarded on receipt of reference. Arthur Granger, 508, High Holborn, W.C.—(Advertisement.)

MURDER AT ALDERSHOTT.

On Monday afternoon, Thomas Dumphy, a gunner in the 9th brigade, Royal Artillery, appeared before Captain Newcome (chairman), F. R. Tresher, Esq., and Captain Birch, at the Aldershot petty sessions, charged with having feloniously assaulted and murdered Daniel Burns, also a gunner, belonging to the F battery, 9th brigade, Royal Artillery, on the 30th of December. The prisoner is a tall, athletic-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age. He was brought into the court under the guard of three police-constables, and was confined in a strait-waistcoat. He bore himself very composedly throughout the inquiry, and appeared to pay a slightly impatient attention to the proceedings. With the exception of an almost imperceptible tremor in his eyes it would have been nearly impossible for an observer to have judged the unfortunate man was a murderer.

The first witness called was Frederick Gray, a gunner in the same battery with the deceased, who deposed: About half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 30th of December I was engaged along with the deceased, Daniel Burns, in watching the prisoner, who was not exactly right in his mind. The prisoner got out of bed, and took up the poker, with which he began beating the floor. Burns got out of bed, and went over to Dumphy to take the poker from him, when Dumphy raised it and struck Burns a blow on the side of the head with it. He reeled, and Dumphy struck him again and knocked him down, and before he could get up again struck him with the poker. I was behind Burns, going over to assist him, when Dumphy, seeing me, ran to meet me, grinding his teeth at me. I then ran, and made my escape through the window. I alarmed the guard, and we went and broke open the door, which had been locked, so as to prevent Dumphy from getting out, and we then found the prisoner lying in Burns's bed, quiet. The deceased was lying on the floor.

On being asked if he had any questions to ask the witness, the prisoner, in a loud voice, exclaimed, "No, sir, I do not; I don't know what brought me here at all."

Mr. J. T. M. Symonds, M.D., assistant surgeon to the D Battery Royal Horse Artillery, deposed that he was called to No. 7 hut, South Camp, shortly before seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th of December. He found Burns on the floor, with a pool of blood round his head and shoulders. He was severely cut about the head, his upper and lower jaw-bones were broken, and some of his brains were scattered about on the floor, and blood was on the bed. He next saw the prisoner sitting quietly in bed, and there being no strait-waistcoat near, he had the prisoner, who looked deranged and rather wild, handcuffed. Burns was insensible, and witness administered stimulants, but he died in five minutes after witness first saw him.

Mr. J. T. Faught, assistant surgeon, E Battery, 9th Brigade, Royal Artillery, deposed that on the 28th ultimo he was called to see the prisoner Dumphy, who was in one of the guard-room cells, the men thinking he was intoxicated. Witness found him kneeling on the floor, with his eyes turned towards heaven in a devotional manner. He had to be spoken to several times before he would answer. Witness, finding him insane, ordered him to be taken to the hospital. The next day he was reported to witness by another medical gentleman as doing favourably. On Friday morning, the 30th ult., witness was called to see Dumphy soon after the assault on Burns. He found him handcuffed, as described by the last witness. A mark which was found on the breast of the deceased was probably caused by Dumphy punching at him with the point of the poker as he lay on the ground, and his jawbones were probably broken in the same way. He believed that Dumphy was insane at the time of killing Burns.

The prisoner, on being asked if he had any question to ask the witness, said, "I don't know what brought me here at all."

The evidence having been finished, the usual caution was read over to the prisoner, to which he made no reply, and was committed for trial at Winchester, to the goal of which city he was removed the same evening.

The poker with which Dumphy struck the deceased was exhibited in court, and looked a formidable weapon, being immensely thick, and about six pounds in weight. It was somewhat bent, the curvature arising, it was alleged, from the force with which Dumphy struck Burns. The wounds on the deceased were such, as stated by both the medical witnesses, as might have been administered by this instrument.

EXECUTION AT LIVERPOOL.

On Saturday, at noon, Henry Brown was hanged in front of the prison at Kirkdale, for the murder of a man named McCarthy. He was condemned at the recent Liverpool assizes, together with Tom Lindon, who was also concerned in the crime; but there being mitigating circumstances in favour of the latter, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. The unfortunate deceased, with the two prisoners, lived at different houses of ill-fame in Liverpool, and for some reason had not been on good terms. On the day of the murder, however, Brown and Lindon entered a public-house, where they found McCarthy and two women; they then professed friendship and drank with him. Afterwards they left the house, and soon began fighting. Brown and Lindon were seen to kick and otherwise abuse McCarthy, and Brown gave him two such severe blows in the eye with the butt-end of a pocket-pistol that the brain was injured, and death ensued. After his conviction Brown appeared to be very serious, and fully aware of the position in which he stood. His father and wife visited him for the last time on the Friday, when the parting was of a very affecting character. The scaffold was erected at the north-west corner of the prison, and was draped with black. The unhappy convict was so weak that he could hardly mount the drop, and after Calcraft had left the scaffold the doomed man swayed to and fro as if he were quite unable to support himself; indeed, throughout the previous night, and especially as the hour of execution approached, he manifested the most intense grief, crying bitterly as if he were weighed down by a terrible weight of misery. No unusual circumstance attended the fulfilment of the sentence, and when the bolt was drawn the culprit fell, and was instantly dead. There were from 10,000 to 12,000 spectators present, and they conducted themselves in an orderly manner. During the forenoon the condemned man wrote the following letter:—

"Dear Wife, and Father, and Child.—In a few minutes I will be launched out of this world. May God bless the three of you, and good-bye. Only for Jane Till and Tom Lindon I would not be fetched to the gallows; but I freely forgive them from my heart. Give my kind respects to all my friends all round; and bid me up a warning to all them round the corner. Give my respects to Mrs. Dawson. Dear wife, don't blame me for this disgrace to your face and my poor father, for there is no one can say so in the street; but I was fetched into it by others that often tried to bring me in before with you. May God bless you and protect you and my poor father as long as you live. There is not one but knows when I had drunk that I did not know what I was doing. They told me that Tommy McCarthy was beating my wife, and they pulled me up by my whiskers, or never would I have been out of the house that night. But I must suffer. Good-bye to all my prosecutors. God forgive them, for I do. Some of them may laugh at me, but God won't, I hope. The last words, let me be a warning to many of them in that street. Dear wife, it is my request to you to bribe (bribe) your temper, and always think of me beforehand. So no more from your dying husband."

"HENRY BROWN."

A MAN AND HIS WIFE COMMITTED FOR MURDER.

A LABOURING man, named Thomas Prosser, and his wife Eliza, have just been lodged in Worcester county gaol, on a warrant by the magistrates of Redditch, charging them with the wilful murder of the son of the male prisoner, a boy aged six years, named Samuel Prosser, by a long continuance of ill-treatment and starvation. The inquiry into this deplorable case has occupied the coroner and magistrates for the last fortnight, and the evidence of the neighbours and police as to the treatment of their children by the prisoners was very voluminous. It appeared that when Prosser married his wife he had two children—the deceased, Samuel Prosser, and a boy named Alfred, about a year older. Mrs. Prosser has also two children, and the neighbours all coincided in stating that while the two latter were well fed and treated, the deceased and his brother were scantily clothed and fed, and frequently beaten in a cruel manner. In consequence of what she had seen, Mrs. Thurston, who lived near the Prossers, gave information to the man's employer, who communicated with the police, and the two children, Samuel and Alfred, were placed under medical care, but the deceased sank from exhaustion, and died two days afterwards. When removed from Prosser's cottage the children were dreadfully emaciated, and had several bruises on their persons. The deceased's arms and legs were contracted, the expression of the face was wild and idiotic, the surface of the body covered with dirt, and the hair full of vermin. His appearance, when stripped, was that of a living skeleton.

The surgeon who made a post mortem examination of the body gave his opinion that death resulted from exhaustion produced by want of food, and from cold. When found by the police, the deceased was lying on a pallet, his only covering being a piece of old rag. A day or two before Mrs. Thurston had heard violent screams, and what sounded like blows, followed by a fall. Numerous acts of violence committed on the deceased and his brother by Mrs. Prosser were deposed to, and she was frequently heard speaking of the deceased to threaten to "kill the little devil," and to "kick his brains out, and get rid of him."

Both husband and wife were committed for wilful murder.

THE CHARGE OF SENDING A CHALLENGE TO FIGHT A DUEL.

Major William Brownrigg Lumley surrendered at the Old Bailey, on Tuesday, to take his trial upon an indictment charging him with misdemeanour, in having sent a letter containing a challenge to fight a duel to Mr. Laurence Desborough.

There was also a second charge of sending a letter containing a defamatory libel to Mr. Desborough, the prosecutor.

Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. Orridge appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Sergeant Parry and Mr. Sleigh were counsel for the defendant.

The defendant pleaded "Guilty."

Mr. Sergeant Parry addressed his lordship, and said he and Mr. Sleigh had conferred with Major Lumley, and had pointed out to him the illegality of having written the two letters which were the subject of the indictment. The major appeared to have been hardly aware that in sending a challenge he was acting against the law. With regard to the second letter, he was aware that was wrong; but it was written under feelings of great excitement. However, the major, through his counsel, expressed his sincere regret at having written the two letters, and he hoped that Mr. Desborough would consider them as wholly withdrawn and never written. He regretted extremely the course he had taken, and was desirous of entering into recognitions to keep the peace, and he gave his word of honour he would never again interfere in any way with the public peace.

Mr. Metcalfe said: After the manner in which Sergeant Parry had addressed his lordship, he was instructed by his client to say that that would be quite sufficient. The object of Mr. Desborough was not only to establish the reputation of his firm, which had been in existence for a great many years, and to protect the public, but to put a stop, if possible, to a practice, which, in the present state and feelings of society, could not but be looked upon with abhorrence.

The Recorder, addressing Major Lumley, and having heard what Sergeant Parry had stated, said he understood that it was the major's own feeling in respect to the charge, and that he himself wholly withdrew the two letters which he had written, and made a public apology for the gross outrage he had committed. He had already undergone some punishment, having been brought before the court, and in having made himself the object of public ridicule as he had done by the course he had pursued. After what had been said by the counsel for the prosecution, the court would be satisfied by his entering into securities, himself in 500*l.*, and one in 250*l.*, to keep the peace for twelve months.

TERRIBLE COAL-PIT ACCIDENT IN BELGIUM.

On the 3rd instant an explosion of fire-damp took place in a coal-pit called St. Catharine, situated at Dour, in the province of Hainaut, Belgium. The pit has already been the scene of a calamity of a similar nature, for only last year seventeen miners lost their lives in it from the effects of an explosion. The present catastrophe occurred just as the men were about to leave work and ascend. At this time a strong column of flame was seen to rush out of the principal shaft, seize on the ropes, the machines, and the roofs, and with the rapidity of lightning the building erected over the shaft was in flames from one end to the other. It would be impossible to depict the horrors of the scene which ensued. Mothers instantly assembled calling for their children, children called for their parents, all uttering most heartrending cries. At the time of the explosion more than 100 hundred workmen were exposed to the effects of the fearful blast. The work of delivery was commenced immediately, but this was not an easy matter, for so dense was the smoke which arose that the few men who at first volunteered to descend were obliged to return, or they would certainly have been suffocated. The daring and humane men who had undertaken the task of delivering those of their comrades who might yet be alive within the pit could not be long restrained by the obstacles which opposed their descent, and at last they arrived at the bottom, where lay the living and the dead. The full extent of the calamity could not be ascertained for some time, but indeed even when the last accounts left; but in a short time thirty living men had been rescued, though as many dead bodies had been met with. It was ascertained that 117 miners had gone down into the pit in the morning, and of these many had saved themselves by getting into a new ventilating shaft, and others had escaped by the ladders; but more than half of those who were exposed to the explosion perished instantly. An approximate estimate of the number suffocated gives fifty-four as the total, with four wounded by the falling of a wall; but it is feared that this number is below the real reality, as but very faint hopes were entertained of finding more living men within the works. Eleven bodies were brought up on the night of the 3rd inst., and twenty on the following day. The damage caused to the interior of the pit is very considerable. When the last account left Dour forty-two bodies had been recovered, and it was estimated that at least sixteen or seventeen remained in the pit.

EXHIBITION! EXHIBITION! FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. List free. Whitall and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacture, Ipswich. (Advertisement.)

AN ELOQUENT THIEF.

A MAN named Crawleigh, aged 22, a printer, was charged, along with an associate, for a shop robbery at North Shields. Evidence was adduced on the part of Crawleigh to prove an alibi, and that the case, as far as he was concerned, was one of mistaken identity. These witnesses, however, contradicted each other in many important particulars. The jury, after a short consultation, found Crawleigh "Guilty," but acquitted Watson. Several previous convictions were proved against Crawleigh, and amongst others it was shown that he had undergone six years' penal servitude for robbery with violence. Crawleigh said he wished to speak to the court ere they pronounced sentence. Addressing the chairman as "learned sir," he said that although he (Crawleigh) had been found guilty according to the evidence to the jury, yet his conscience acquitted him, for he was sure that he was not the first by hundreds who had been convicted on false evidence. As an instance of this he quoted the case of Mr. Bewick, who, he said, had been falsely condemned, and then afterwards was able to clear himself through the power of money. Then, if they turned their attention to the Bible, that best of books, they found that many false witnesses rose up against our Blessed Lord himself, and if false evidence prevailed against that Spotless Lamb, how much more might it do so with him? He had already undergone all the horrors of penal servitude—horrors calculated to appal the soul of man, and he had not yet had sufficient time since then of producing fruits for either good or evil. Therefore, he asked them to let his punishment go with the smallness of the present offence; for to his inevitable grief he found that English dispensers of justice passed sentence, not according to the enormity or the contrary of their offences, but to the number of past offences. Whatever past offences he might have committed—and which were now exhibited before them—he hoped would not affect their judgment in passing sentence upon him, but that they would be looked upon more as the eccentricities and follies of youth, and not cause him to again pay the penalty for offences committed some time ago. He asked them, then, on that account to pity rather than condemn; and though the morning of his life had been stormy, yet he hoped the afternoon might be more tranquil, and that he might have the opportunity of showing that he had many germs of virtue and usefulness which he trusted might be spared to him for many years to come. In conclusion, he would remind them of the words of the poet Burns:—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister women;
Tho' they may gang a kenin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias."

The chairman, addressing the prisoner, said the jury had found him guilty of the offence with which he was charged. There were other charges brought against him, which induced the bench to think that his career had been one of continued crime. There was nothing in his case that could at all cause them to take a lenient view of it, and they thought they should scarcely be doing their duty to society were they not to pass upon him a sentence commensurate with the long list of offences they had before them; and that sentence was that he be kept in penal servitude for ten years. Crawleigh (in a tone of injured innocence): "Well, sir, an evil which cannot be cured must surely be endured. I will endeavour with fortitude—." The prisoner was prevented from giving further vent to his proposed heroic intentions, being gently removed from the dock. Watson was discharged with a suitable admonition, and was immediately afterwards taken into custody by the Newcastle police on another charge.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS STORY IN THE WORLD.—Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures. One of them dealt so much in the marvellous that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America. I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done. Most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family. I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the other, and the well-known saying, 'divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed and allowed him to come up. We engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result. In a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare, but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English. This hope, however, I was forced to give up, for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with, but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees; I redoubled my speed, I prayed to heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears. I even thought I felt his warm breath; there was no choice—I turned round—." Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first grew impatient past all endurance, and called out, "Well, sir, and you killed him also?" "No, sir, he killed me!"—*American Paper.*

APPROPOS DE BOTTES!—A German journal relates the following story:—"The regiment of Prussian Infantry (No. 60), while on its return from the Duchies, stopped at Spandan, and some of the men were billeted with a master shoemaker. After they had left to continue their journey, an apprentice of the shoemaker found, in the room which had been occupied by them, a pair of boots, which he naturally supposed had belonged to one of the soldiers. The lad, who had become familiar with his master's guests during their short stay, started off at once after the regiment to restore the property to its owner. He overtook the troops, but not being able to find the men he was in search of, he threw the boots on a wagon, with a paper on which was written—'Will be claimed by their owner.' On the apprentice's return to his master, he received a beating with a strap for his pains, as the boots he had carried off were found to belong to one of the shoemaker's workmen, who claimed another pair in their stead. The lad, nothing discouraged, at once wrote the following letter to the king:—"Dear Lord and King—I am a poor apprentice shoemaker, but a great friend of the army, and I shall one day become a valiant soldier myself. I threw a pair of boots on a wagon which followed the regiment (No. 60), believing that they belonged to one of the men who had been billeted with us. It turns out that the boots were not the soldier's, but one of our workmen's, and he calls on me to replace them. Dear Lord and King, I am in great trouble. Try and find out what has become of the boots, and take care to send them back to my comrade.' A few days after the municipality of Spandan received by a cabinet courier the order to inform the apprentice that the King would pay for the boots in question."

HORNMAN'S TINA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and whole-some to use. These advantages have secured for this Tina a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—(Advertisement.)

ROMANTIC TRIAL IN SPAIN.

THE Supreme Tribunal of Barcelona, in Spain, has been for some time past engaged in hearing an appeal from a judgment given by an inferior court of that district in July, 1861, relative to the identity of a young man who claimed to be the son of a wealthy banker of Barcelona, dead some years ago. The circumstances of this strange affair may be briefly stated as follows:—The Marquis Don Francisco de Osa-Fontenallas, a partner in the well-known banking firm of Lamberto y Fontenallas, had two sons, Don Lamberto and Don Claudio, and one daughter, Donna Eulalia, married to the Marquis de Villamediana, residing on his extensive estates in the neighbourhood of Madrid. In September, 1845, the younger son, Don Claudio, then twenty-three years of age, suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved fruitless. It was afterwards ascertained that he had been seized by brigands, who carried him off to the mountains. Some days later, however, two or three letters were addressed to the Marquis by his son, stating that he was in the power of brigands, who refused to release him until a ransom of 1,000 ounces of gold should be paid. Perhaps the Marquis did not believe in the reality of this capture, and regarded it merely as an expedient adopted by his son to obtain a large sum of money. At all events, he did not send the gold demanded, and from that time nothing was heard of Don Claudio till May, 1860. Meanwhile, the Marquis made a will, dated May, 1850, in which he expressed his wish that his property should not be divided between Don Lamberto and Donna Eulalia until his lost son had been found or his death satisfactorily proved. When the Marquis died, some time after, Don Lamberto succeeded to the title, and at once divided his father's property between himself and his sister, the Marchioness de Villamediana. This prompt division of the property caused some scandal at the time, as the provisions of the will were generally known, but it was soon forgotten. In 1852, however, a man named Gomez, who had been arrested for robbery, gave the police a full account of the abduction of Don Claudio by the brigands, and the authorities determined on making a further investigation, when it was found that all the documents relating to the circumstances had disappeared, with the exception of Don Claudio's two letters, written while in the power of the brigands, which the deceased Marquis had given to a police magistrate in 1850. The investigation, therefore, led to nothing; but nine years later, in 1861, Don Lamberto, the new Marquis, received a letter, dated 15th May, and signed "Your brother, Don Claudio," stating that the writer had just arrived at Barcelona by the steamer Puerto-Rico from Charleston. Don Lamberto immediately sent an old clerk of the bank, named Don Francisco Juan Marti, to meet his brother. As soon as Marti set foot on the deck he was accosted by Don Claudio, who called him by his name, and shed tears of joy on meeting him. They went together to the Marquis Don Lamberto, who appeared to gladly recognise the young man as his brother Claudio, and instantly sent off a telegraphic despatch to his sister, the Marchioness de Villamediana, announcing the return of their brother. On the following day Don Lamberto informed the governor of Barcelona of his brother's arrival, and also formally acknowledged him as his brother in presence of a magistrate. Not the least doubt was entertained by anybody that the new comer was really Don Claudio, and he continued to be entertained by his brother as such till the 23rd of May; but at two o'clock in the morning of that day he was arrested by the police in his brother's house, on the charge of being an impostor. This arrest was afterwards ascertained to have been made at the instance of the Marquis and Marchioness de Villamediana. Don Claudio was so overcome by this terrible accusation that he was instantly seized with a violent fever, and begged to have a glass of water, which was brought by one of the Marquis's servants. He had no sooner drunk it than he exclaimed that he was poisoned. He was nevertheless carried off to prison, where antidotes were administered, and he recovered after three weeks' illness, but still remained in the prison infirmary in a very weak state. While he lay there a tailor and his wife, named Feliu, were brought to see him, and they declared the supposed Don Claudio to be their son Claudio, who had gone to Buenos Ayres in 1857, being then only twenty years of age; their son and daughter also recognised him as their brother. All four gave evidence on oath to this effect. Two other persons, however—Don Claudio's nurse and foster-brother—declared that he was really Don Claudio. In his defence before the examining magistrate, Don Claudio produced four documents, in which he was styled Don Claudio Fontenallas. The first was his commission

as ensign in the army of Buenos Ayres, dated April, 1857, which proved that he could not be Claudio Feliu, as the latter sailed from Barcelona to Buenos Ayres, late in February in that year, and therefore could not have arrived at the time. The second was a passport delivered to Don Claudio Fontenallas by the Spanish consul at Rosario de Santa-Fe; the third was a commission of sub-lieutenant of artillery, dated Buenos Ayres, July 22, 1858; and the fourth was the muster-roll of the men under his orders in a ship which he had commanded. These four documents, of such vital importance for the accused, were left in the possession of the examining magistrate, who, when the cause was tried, asserted that he had lost them. During the trial a great number of witnesses were examined, but their evidence was contradictory; some declaring that the prisoner was really Don Claudio Fontenallas, others as positively maintaining that he was the tailor's son. The prisoner himself explained the manner of his capture, how one day he had escaped from the brigands while they were intoxicated, and made his way to Barcelona. He did not go home, because, as his father had refused to pay the ransom, he concluded that the brigands had acted by his orders; but what could be his father's motive for giving such orders he did not know. He therefore went to America, and remained there till 1861. When several old servants of the deceased Marquis were examined, the prisoner reminded them of many circumstances which could hardly be known to any except the real Don Claudio; but the Marquis de Villamediana, though she had at first recognised the prisoner as her brother, afterwards declared herself convinced of the contrary, as she had found him unacquainted with many facts which her brother must have known. The result of the trial was that the tribunal, which consisted only of one judge, declared that the prisoner was the son of Feliu, and condemned him to twelve years' hard labour. The tribunal also ordered that twenty of the prisoner's witnesses should be prosecuted for perjury. The prisoner's counsel, M. Neviera, complained that the defence had not been free, that the judge had refused to hear several of his witnesses, and also that his demand for further inquiry in the Argentine Republic had been rejected, and concluded with protesting against the manner in which the previous examinations and the trial had been conducted. In consequence of those observations the judge committed him to prison for contempt of court. The conviction was so general at Barcelona that the prisoner had been unfairly treated, that a subscription was opened in his favour, which produced a sum of 40,000*l*. Part of this sum was applied to relieve the prisoner's immediate necessities, and the rest was offered to M. Cazo, a celebrated advocate of Madrid, to

conduct the appeal against the above judgment. After long delays the appeal was made, and a telegraphic despatch states that the Supreme Court of Barcelona has given its decision, substantially confirming the judgment, but reducing the sentence of hard labour from twelve years to two. The prisoner's counsel was reprimanded by the court, and thirteen witnesses were declared guilty of perjury.—*Galignani*.

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

We herewith present our readers with some additional sketches in China. The first is an illustration of Chinese hawking, and, as will be seen, is somewhat similar to our own ancient custom, only that we miss the bevis of "fair ladies" mounted on their sleek palfreys. Whether the figure of the mandarin, with hands uplifted, be a specimen of jester, we cannot say; but his extravagant contortions seem to imply the fact.

The second illustration is that of the village of Takou, on the Peiho. It has little of importance attached to it, further than its being one of the stations which figured somewhat prominently in the French and English expedition of the Peiho in 1858.

The blind musician of Canton is a strange-looking personage; and whether it is under the idea that piping is heard better from a cage, or to hide features far from agreeable to look upon, is problematical; but there he is with a bee-hive looking basket for his head-gear, now receiving what appears to be an egg as a reward for his music. Eggs are good for the voice; perhaps our benevolent Chinaman or Chinawoman—it is difficult to say which—thinks an egg equally good for a squeaking reed pipe.

Our fourth illustration is that of the village of Kiang-suen, also on the Peiho, to which the same remarks may be applied as in the case of the village of Takou.

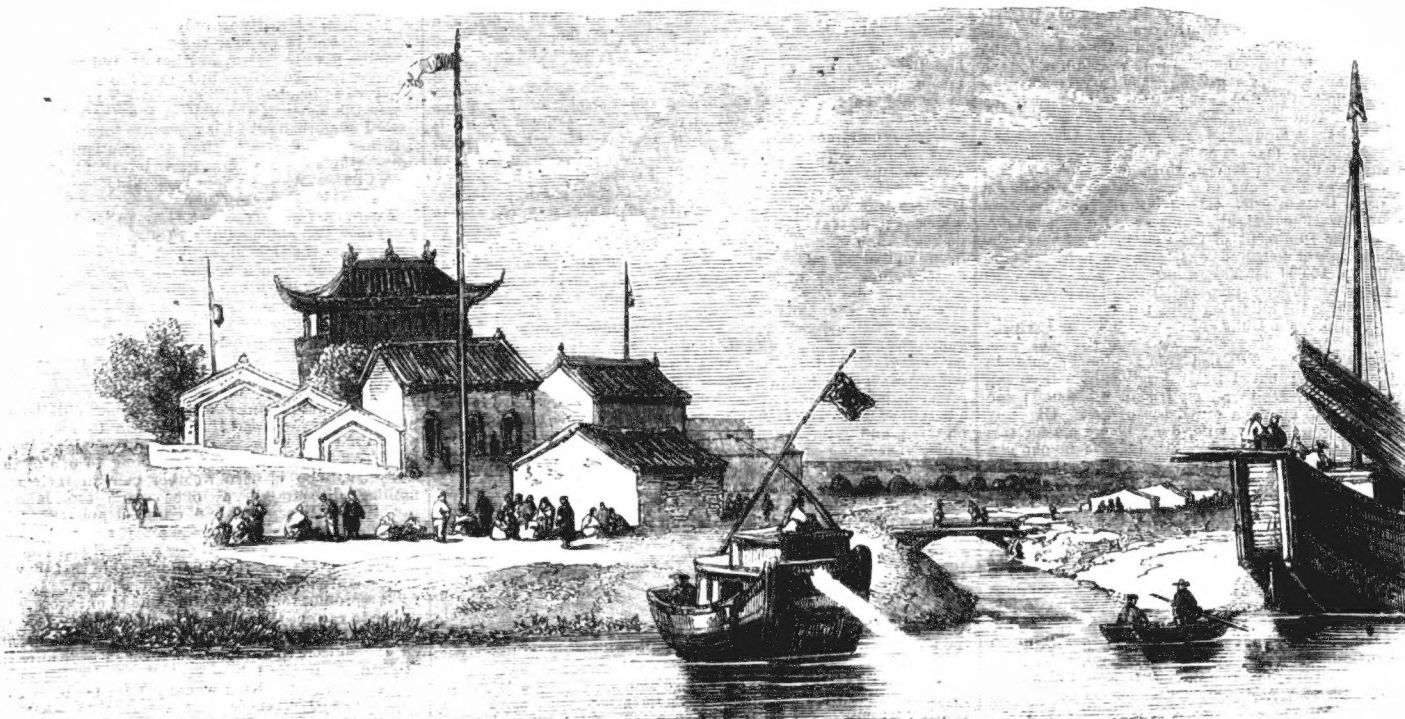
A LION-HUNTING EXPEDITION.—A lion-hunting expedition, under the leadership of M. Perinet, a friend and rival of the late Jules Gerard, has just been organized in Paris for the province of Constantine, in Algeria. The party will leave for the scene of operations during the present week.

CAPTURE OF A NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND.—A Neapolitan journal brings us the news of the capture and death of another famous brigand, Masini. At the outskirts of the little town of Padula, near Salerno, lived a little tailor, in whose house Masini was a constant visitor, for his mistress was the tailor's lodger. A few days ago Masini announced his intention of taking his departure for Cilento. The tailor, however, who was in communication with the military commandant, took measures to insure another visit from the redoubtable chief. A letter, couched in the most affectionate terms, imploring him to come once more to see his loving Margherita, was an appeal which, in certain circumstances, few of us, whether brigands or honest men, have the strength to resist. The words were the words of Margherita, but the hand that traced them was the tailor's; and the preparations for the visit were made by him with the concurrence of the military authorities. The tailor's board groaned beneath the substantial materials of a midnight feast. Masini fell into the trap, and made his appearance in the company of three companions. Eight soldiers were posted in convenient hiding places, and at a given signal the party moved noiselessly in the direction of the banqueting-room, where Masini and his friends, the repeat ended, were solacing themselves with a game of cards. Four only of the soldiers could effect an entrance, for the brigands had time to throw themselves against the door, thus preventing the ingress of the rest. The combatants were, therefore, eight in number, and a hand-to-hand encounter took place, in which Masini defended himself desperately with a table-knife. Two of the brigands, Masini and Georgi, were killed, and the other two surrendered at discretion. The fair Margherita made her escape with 100 marengos, given to her by her lover, upon whose person were found just two half-pence. At the same time an attack was made at another spot on the remaining members of the band, who were all captured.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—About a fortnight ago, a plate-layer in the Great Eastern Railway Company's service, named Edward Harper, residing at Stratford, went to kill a cat, and while in the act of so doing the animal bit him on the thumb. No notice was taken of it at the time, but in the course of a few days the thumb began to get inflamed, and Dr. Briscoe, surgeon, High-street, was called in, but notwithstanding all his efforts, the inflammation could not be stopped, and the poor man died.



CHINESE HAWKING.



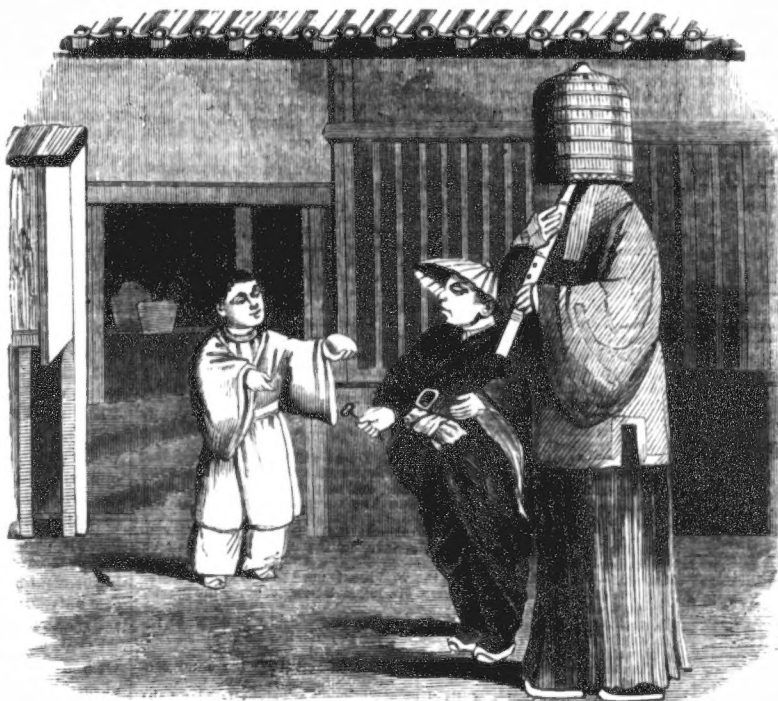
SKETCHES FROM CHINA—THE VILLAGE OF TAKOU, ON THE PEIHO.

ENCOUNTERS WITH TIGERS.

THE *Madras Times* contains the following fearful account of a tussle with a tiger:—"One day last week, a royal tiger having made its appearance close to the village of Purgydial, in the Kurnool district, while Colonel Cotton was inspecting the distribution channels in the Nagalore division, which is under the charge of Mr. William Cotton, executive engineer, the colonel, accompanied by Mr. Cotton and his two assistants, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Charles Cotton, who, having procured arms, advanced upon the beast. Mr. W. Cotton fired one shot, which took effect, when the tiger ran off. The natives, who had assembled in force, dispersed in pursuit; but Mr. Cotton's party, now left alone, soon after saw some people running through a cholam field in alarm, some of whom climbed up a stack of newly-cut corn, where they were assailed by the tiger, and two of them pulled down. Mr. Cotton and his two companions immediately went to the rescue, and Mr. Cotton attempted to fire, but his rifle unfortunately missing fire, the tiger sprang upon Mr. Johnston, who had also fired a shot, and, seizing him, wounded him fearfully. Mr. Cotton then attacked the tiger with the butt-end of his gun, until it broke, and the tiger, leaving Mr. Johnston, seized Mr. Cotton by the arm, snapping it, and inflicting some grievous wounds. Mr. Charles Cotton (a youth recently arrived from England) then advanced with a revolver, and while the tiger held his brother by the arm, lodged five balls in the animal's head, which enabled the two sufferers to get away. The tiger crept into the stack of cholam, from which he was soon after brought out dead. Mr. William Cotton was carried into Kurnool, a distance of about twenty-five miles, where he was attended by Dr. Kees, who found both bones broken a little below the elbow, and several deep wounds inflicted by the tiger's teeth. Until these are in a better state the arm cannot be fully set, but by the last accounts (27th ultimo) the patient was doing well. Mr. Johnston, whose wounds it is feared are of a more dangerous character, was unable to be moved, and Dr. Kees went out to attend him. Of the two natives, one had been brought into Kurnool in a better state than was anticipated—the other was on his way. The first two balls from the revolver penetrated the skull. Mr. Charles Cotton then fired the remaining three into the tiger's mouth, which induced him to loose his hold, and made him reel back. To the cool decision displayed by these three young men (unpractised in the Shikarie's art), under trying circumstances, may be attributed their escaping with their lives, as well as the rescue of the two natives."

The *Times of India*, under date Secunderabad, 7th of December, says:—"This station has been thrown into a state of excitement by the following melancholy event which took place yesterday. It appears a Mr. Gilbert, a resident at Secunderabad, left home yesterday morning for the purpose of seeing the races at Moul Ali. On arriving at the race-course he allowed his horse to graze in an adjacent field. After the race was over he discovered that his horse had strayed from where he left it, and immediately went in search; while doing so he wandered into a jungle near the Moul Ali rock, when, to his utmost surprise, he was suddenly seized by a tiger, who caught him by the side, and inflicted a deep wound with his teeth. The occurrence was witnessed by several men, who rushed instantly to his assistance and thereby saved his life, but not in time to prevent him from sustaining serious injury. He was conveyed at once to the garrison hospital, where he still lies in a very precarious state. Faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. Several officers have gone out in search of the animal, and, doubtless they will succeed in its capture or destruction. Last year a native was carried away and torn in pieces by one of these monsters, which I believe has not yet been captured. During the years 1861-2, no less than three cheetahs were shot near the same place, and subsequently a trap was set, but no more were captured."

THE present Emperor Napoleon's nurse, Madame Bure, has just died, aged eighty-four. Her son, his Majesty's foster brother, is attached to the Imperial household as treasurer to the crown.



BLIND MUSICIAN OF CANTON. (See page 484.)

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

On Sunday evening last the second of the special services of the present year was held in the dome area of St. Paul's. There was, as before, a full surpliced choir, and the Epiphany hymns were sung with great effect. The sermon was preached by the Rev. James Moorhouse, M.A., incumbent of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. The sermon next Sunday evening will be preached by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, vicar of St. Pancras.

On page 488 will be found an illustration of these special services, which attract such large and attentive congregations.

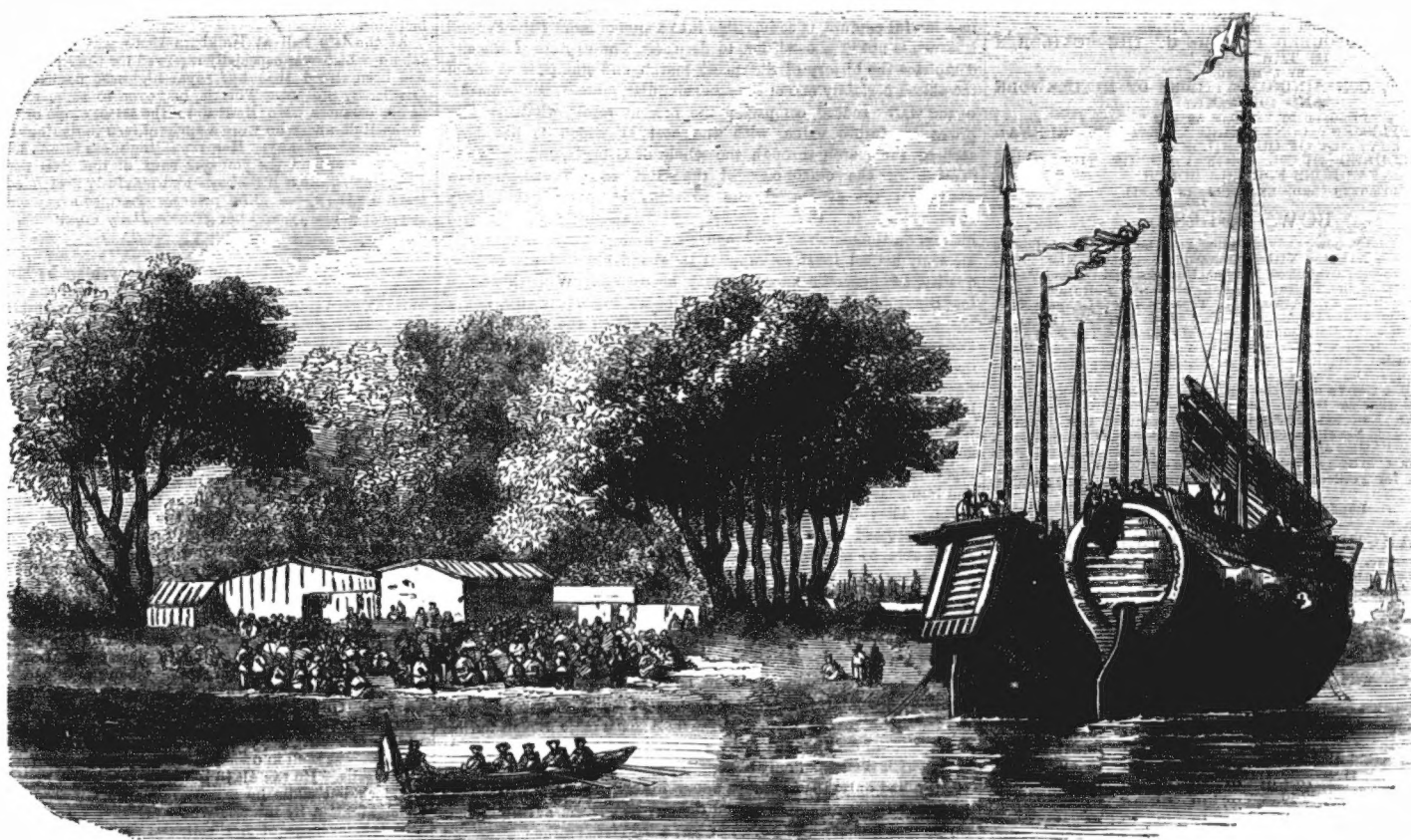
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—When Mr. Chase called on him the day after his appointment to the bench, he alluded in the course of their interview to the fact that he once had a sweetheart in Richmond. The President said he had better abandon all thoughts of courting in Richmond henceforth, and attend to his court in Washington. On the same day a gentleman gained an audience with the President, and made a complaint that the Secretary of War had refused to release a friend of his from prison, notwithstanding the release had been ordered by the President himself. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had an understanding with Mr. Stanton to the effect that when the latter was in possession of facts which made it proper in such cases to retain the parties in custody for a time he should suspend the order of release. The gentleman, not satisfied with this explanation, attempted to cast the blame of the affair upon Secretary Stanton, when Mr. Lincoln, with a significant smile, said, "My friend you should remember the passage of Scripture which says 'Accuse not a servant unto his master.' The visitor remarked that he had been an attentive reader of the Bible, but he could not recollect such a passage in it. "Oh, you'll find it in the 80th or 81st chapter of Proverbs," said Mr. Lincoln. And the gentleman went home and found it.—*Boston Post*.

A BLOCKADE-RUNNING ADVENTURE.

THE *Bermuda Advocate* gives the following account of the chase and destruction of the *Lynx*, while attempting to run out of Wilmington on the 26th of September:—"Having passed safely over the bar, the pilot acquainted the captain with the fact, when he directed his course due east. The order had no sooner been given and the helm answered, when the night became brilliantly illuminated with rockets and blue lights from all quarters. Shot after shot was fired in quick and rapid succession near and over the gallant little ship. The first one, passing through the wheel-house, wounded the man at the wheel, and threw particles of glass and splinters over a lady passenger who had taken refuge therein. Captain Reed directed his steamer through the narrow passage between the hostile ships. Speed alone could save the ship from the whizzing balls, for the calmness of the sea gave the enemy too great an advantage in firing. The little steamer leaped and trembled through the water, passing successively each of the enemy's ships, as each kept banging, banging away. A rifled shell soon passed through the cabin below the water-line, and again near the passenger who had descended from the wheel-house. Seven more, in rapid succession, struck the ship, and each time she trembled like an aspen leaf. At one time the enemy was so near as to give the order for Captain Reed to heave to. 'Drive her, Mr. Lake, drive her!' was the cool response of the captain. A whole broadside renewed the enemy's order, yet the *Lynx*, uninjured in hull, sped rapidly onward with her immense power. One hundred and twenty shots in all were fired at the ship, besides a volley of musketry, which, whirling through the air, rattled against her sides. Ten of the fleet were thus passed, amid the most rapid and effective fire yet directed against any blockade runner. The steamer, having now passed the blockaders, had her course changed direct, and Mr. Boggs, chief officer, was sent to ascertain the damage. He soon returned, and reported eight shots below the water line, and the steamer sinking. The idea of running out, and in the same night, was objectionable in the extreme, and no thought of surrender once entered the captain's head. Still, no fear or trepidation was felt by any one. All were subordinate and obedient to the captain's orders, and no breach of discipline once occurred to mar the management of the ship. The *Lynx* was headed for the beach, the cotton cargo buoying her up. Fortunately the engine compartment was uninjured, and the motive-power, pushed to its utmost, drove the sinking ship onward to her now certain end. Every preparation was made for the safety of the crew and passengers. The steamer at last struck—her steel hull sprang forward with the concussion, and on the next swell a few more yards were obtained. In the midst of perfect coolness, as if embarking for pleasure, Captain Reed directed the transfer of the coin and bonds himself, and the pilot left the ship with the purser and passengers. No good boat was now left, yet all the crew, in perfect discipline and obedience, promised to stick to the last. The carpenter soon reported the boat repaired. The rest embarked; Captain Reed and Chief Officer Boggs were the last on board. Six barrels of spirits of turpentine were poured over the equally combustible cotton, and almost with tears in his eyes, and with a heavy, heavy heart, the captain applied the torch to his ship."

EXECUTION OF A WOLF.—A wolf was killed at Cherler (Loire) two days back, under rather singular circumstances. A peasant and his wife were cutting wood in a thicket, accompanied by their watch dog, when the animal was attacked by a large wolf. A struggle between the two took place, during which they rolled over each other down a ravine, but in the descent the wolf's neck became fixed between two short stumps of shrubs. The man then held the animal in that position with a large stake, while the woman knocked its brains out with an axe.

THE Bishop of Carlisle has nominated the Rev. John Cooper, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, vicar of Kendal, to the arch-deaconry of Westmoreland, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Ven. Robert Wilson Evans, B.D.



THE VILLAGE OF KIANGT-SUEN ON THE PEIHO. (See page 484.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D. D.					
14	Oxford Term begins	8 35 3	51
15	2nd Sunday after Epiphany	4 8 4	24
16	Hartley Colliery accident, 1862	4 40 4	57
17	Duke of Athol died, 1864	5 15 5	81
18	Old Twelfth Day	6 48 6	6
19	James Watt born, 1736	6 26 6	43
20	Sir John Roane died, 1837	7 27 7	24

Moon's Change.—Last Quarter, 20th, 9h. 20m. a. m.
Sunday Lessons.
MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Isaiah 51; Matt. 18. Isaiah 53; Romans 13.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

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G. K.—Advertisements relative to unclaimed property have appeared in
connection with your name. We really cannot undertake to make any
inquiries for you. We never receive any remuneration for such a pro-
pound. No editor of a respectable London newspaper would think of such
a thing; so you must have been misled. Send us your address, and we
will recommend you a London solicitor who will do all you require at a
small expense.

WALTER T.—A lead or two put into the frame will effectually cure it of
woodlice; or place two tiles or boards over each other, as they will crowd
between them as morning approaches, and may then be destroyed.

ELVING.—The present Greville Garden Theatre (the Italian Opera) was
opened on May 14, 1863, with "The Huguenots."

FOOT TOM.—Tom Tibbin died September 21, 1861. He was in his seven-
tieth year, and was buried, we believe, in the cemetery, Flat-street,
Camden-town.

CHANCE.—Exeter-change, where the wild beasts used to be exhibited, was
taken down in 1829. The Strand Music Hall now occupies the greater
portion of the site.

ROBERTO.—Signor Rubini made his first appearance in London at the
King's Theatre (now called Her Majesty's) in Rossini's opera, "Il
Principe," April 26, 1861.

A SURPRISE.—The only remedy is to bring an action for breach of con-
tract.

B. B.—The minute hands of the clock at St. Paul's are eight feet long, the
hour hands five feet five inches.

R. D.—Sheridan Knowles's five-act play of "The Wrecker's Daughter"
was produced at Drury Lane November 29, 1836.

J. H. (Oxford).—You will find plenty of humorous selections in "Oliver
Twins," "Nicholas Nickleby," and other works of Dickens's, besides the
"Pickwick Papers," to make an admirable reading.

PUNCH.—Punchella is said to have originated with Silvio Fiorilla, a comedi-
an, at Acerra, near Naples, about the year 1600. The peripatetic
"Punch" was known in England in Anne's reign as early as 1702; but the
present form was taken about 1787, when "Don Juan" had such a run
on the English stage, and from which here the street "Punch" derived
most of his characteristics.

ELIZA D.—The best method of preparing skeleton leaves is to steep them
for some weeks in rain water, and kept in a warm place, yet freely ex-
posed to the air. When nearly ready, add a small quantity of muriatic
acid to it. Great care should then be taken to pick out with needles the
parts of the leaves which are rotted away.

OLINSKA.—The drama of "Mazepa" was dramatised from Lord Byron's
poem by Mr. H. Miller, and was first produced at Astley's under the
management of Messrs. Danrow and West, on Easter Monday, 1831.

MR. CARTLTON was the original Mazepa; Mr. Gomersal, Abder Khan.
ROBERT B.—A good wash of corrosive sublimate effectually stops the pro-
gress of dry rot, provided all the wood attacked by the fungus is really
out away.

A SONGSINGER.—The trial of James Greenacre and Sarah Gale for the
murder of Hannah Brown took place April 10, 1837. Greenacre was
executed on the 2nd of May following.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE city of Savannah has fallen into the hands of the Federal
commander, without any attempt on the part of the garrison to
defend it. General Hardee, who held the place, abandoned it on
the 20th of December. He transferred the main body of his army to
the South Carolina side of the river Savannah, opposite the city,
after burning the navy-yard and destroying two of the Confederate
iron-clad monitors. General Sherman entered the city on the
following day, and with it obtained possession of 150 cannon, and
no less than 35,000 bales of cotton, a quantity which, if it proves to
be a lawful capture, is convertible into a sum of money the Federal
treasury is not in a condition to despise. The capture of the city
completes the history of Sherman's march, and stamps it as one of
the ablest, certainly one of the most singular, military achievements
of the war. Indeed, comparing the present result, whatever may
prove its future value, with the cost at which it has been
secured, the march through the whole of Georgia, ending in the
capture of the chief city of the State, is an exception to
nearly all the events of the previous campaigns that keep
any place in the memory. Sherman himself estimates
his loss on the march at 1,000 men. As he met no resistance, and
his army helped itself to supplies in abundance and of excellent
quality, the general's assertion may be correct. With this small
loss Sherman has gained possession of an important city, and a
position in which he can command the aid of the whole of the
Federal fleet, either for the maintenance of his troops or to co-
operate with them. As a military exploit, Sherman's march on
Savannah contrasts favourably with the battles in Virginia in May
last. In these engagements the slaughter was enormous, and
reckoned by thousands and tens of thousands. Yet nothing was
gained by the carnage. Even at an earlier period of the war the
repetitions of drawn or indecisive battles, after obstinate fighting
and immense losses, gave a peculiar character to the military re-
ports. They became at once monotonous and repulsive. The
battles seemed more like the encounters of armed and savage
monks, able to massacre each other, but to gain none of the
advantages for which "strategic human creatures" are sup-
posed to contend when they fight under skillful direction.
The battles we refer to resembled each other so much
in sacrifice of life and uselessness that it requires an
effort even to remember their names. The Northern States en-
tered into the war with a strong faith in great armies and hard
fighting, accepting the terrible returns of killed and wounded as
the inevitable cost of war. Yet the most remarkable exploit during
four years of conflict has been achieved by a comparatively small
army, with the loss of only a fiftieth part of its numbers. General
Hardee had only 15,000 troops under his command, and with these
he found it impossible to defend the city against an enemy having
thrice that number. However, he put a bold face on the matter, and
rejected Sherman's summons to surrender the city; but, knowing
that in a few days the only direction in which his army could be
withdrawn would be blockaded, he evacuated the place during the

afternoon and night of the 20th of December. On the 21st Sher-
man entered the city, to find a sullen but unresisting population of
20,000, about half the number of his own army, and that stock of
cotton, as to the value of which New York began forthwith to
speculate.

PARLIAMENT will assemble in another month. On the 7th of
February what has been styled the noblest public meeting in the
world will again be summoned together, in obedience to royal com-
mand. We hear little of the note of preparation; there are not
many obvious signs of the future work. But in many a politician's
thoughts, in the councils of ministers, in the hopes of independent
members, in the expectations of Opposition leaders, the coming
event casts its shadow before; and the preparation is not the less
earnest and unremitting because it utters no war cry and makes
no sign. The task of the Ministry to defend the policy of the
recess, and to draw up in outline the programme of the coming
session, is simple enough, because it gives them the initiative,
and therefore allows them to meet every inquiry, and
take every precaution in accordance with known plans.
The unofficial members, however, of the Liberal party
and the Opposition must, to a certain extent, come compara-
tively unprepared for their line of action, and their tone of criti-
cism must depend on the Ministerial policy and programme. But
the Liberals out of office can at all events study the great questions
to which the party is pledged, so that they may test practice by
principle, and give their official leaders that invaluable aid in debate,
and that honest testimony to the worth of particular reforms, which
independent members can best supply. As to the Opposition, its
sole duty, Mr. Disraeli has shown, is "to oppose." He may pass
the recess in almost perfect idleness, for as yet he does not know
what his subjects may be, or what principles he will have to invoke.
Of course, the great master of political discussion has several sets
of principles at hand, just as a detective has several suits of clothes;
and he can be a patriot Hampden, a freethinking Bolingbroke,
or a pious Perceval, to suit the dictates of the hour. He
can also make other preparations. He may not be able exactly to
divine what new act of justice to the working classes Mr. Gladstone
may include in his Budget, or what thoroughly national policy Lord
Palmerston may uphold; but there are literary phrases which, well
turned, will suit any subject, and lighten up any theme. Bitter
epigrams that buzz and sting come well into every speech; an attack
on "the plaintiff's attorney" is always relevant. That the Ministry
has forfeited the confidence of the Tory party is an assertion that
however strongly worded, is always safe. These things we may
certainly expect, for "invective," said Mr. Disraeli once, "is an
ornament of debate;" and possibly the session would be tedious
without the member for Bucks to shuffle, cut, and deal the Opposi-
tion pack, never winning honours, yet still hoping to secure the
odd trick. Meanwhile, the Liberal party, able by its official position
to begin the game must develop that policy of economy which is
not alone the fruit of peace, which must be the accompaniment of
an extended franchise, but which in itself is always the best national
defence, and the true security for Reform.

The Court.

Sunday having been the first anniversary of the birth of his
Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, the infant
son and heir of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess
of Wales, the bells of the royal borough of Windsor sent forth a merry
peal in honour of the day.

The Prince of Wales has recently obtained fifty Southdown sheep
from one of the Norfolk flocks, and his energetic steward, Mr.
Carmichael, will doubtless achieve success in the development of
some choice specimens of the ovine race. On dit that the Prince
of Wales is likely to become the purchaser of the Rushton estate,
about three miles from Kettering. The estate possesses an excel-
lent mansion, and presents advantageous shooting and hunting
facilities.

At the late ball at Holkham there was only one couch in the
saloon, which was especially reserved for the Princess of Wales. It
has been stated that her royal highness danced freely with the
aristocracy present. This is, however, to some extent, a mistake,
as her partners were limited to the select circle of visitors staying
at the Hall, and who wore a sprig of fern to distinguish them from
the general company. Her royal highness in one set had also for a
partner one of the younger sons of the Earl and Countess of
Leicester—quite a little boy—and playfully pretended that he must
teach her the steps. The princess charmed every one by her viva-
city, her geniality, and her grace.—Daily Paper.

An inquiry was held on Monday evening by Mr. Humphreys,
coroner, at the London Hospital, respecting the death of John
Wright, aged thirty. The deceased was a pilot, residing in Sunder-
land. He came to the port of London with a ship a few days ago.
On the previous Friday he got into a cab at the waterside, and told
the cabman to drive to the Great Northern Railway. When passing
a public-house he called out to the cabman to turn. While the cab
was going round he proceeded to jump out, and his weight caused
the vehicle to overturn, and to fall on top of him. The cab was
smashed, and when it was lifted up deceased was found to have
sustained dreadful injuries. He was carried to the hospital, where
he died. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

FOUR MEN DROWNED.—On Saturday a craft, heavily laden with
iron stone, in charge of William Liston and Andrew Bryston, was
towing round from the Tees to the Tyne. While coming along the
Durham coast, the wind being equally, the tow line broke and she
drifted upon the rocks. She came off again, but unfortunately
sunk in deep water. Before assistance could reach them both the
men were drowned. They belonged to North Shields, and were
married men with families. The wherry that was run down and
sunk on the Tyne on Saturday was in charge of a well-known
waterman named Richard Clasper. The craft was laden with
chalk, and was making a board across the Longreach opposite
to the Jarrold blast furnaces, when she came athwart the
laden brig Falcon, which was being towed to sea by the
Lass o' Gowrie steamboat. The vessel's stem struck the
wherry on the starboard gunwale. Clasper jumped aboard the
brig, but a young man, named Candlish, who, like
Clasper, was well known in boating circles, was forward attending
to the sails. He ran aft to get Clasper's son, a little boy, out of the
haddock, but while he was running he fell among the chalk. A
moment after, by the brig's bow pressing on the craft's gunwale,
the leverage of her sail, the wherry capsized, throwing the
alk and Candlish out, and she herself immediately sunk, taking
poor little boy down with her. The wherry came to the sur-
face shortly afterwards and was towed into the shore, but Candlish
the boy were no more seen.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. E. T. Smith is proverbial for his admirable pantomimes, and "Harlequin Jack Sprat" is one that should be seen by all. The first ballet is very beautiful. The subject for the Christmas entertainment is settled by the fairies, Amusement and Happy New Year (Misses Minnie Sidney and Osborne Armstrong), after being approved by a jovial and rubicund individual, Merry Christmas Time (Mr. Gresham), who it is to be hoped will for ever reside in our "tight little island." The Abode of Amusement is shown, after the estimable Tiddler's cavernous home, and in this scene is introduced a grand procession. The horses belonging to the theatre are used to draw various cars, containing mythological celebrities in appropriate costume. Jupiter, Minerva, Saturn, the smiling Ceres, and the charming female Nimrod, Diana, all pass across the stage in their turn. The Signs of the Zodiac follow the celestials, and are excellently represented, especially the Crab, and, we presume, an authentically-constructed Scorpion. Preparations for the ballet immediately commence, and for this most attractive episode M. Milano, the *maitre* here, must be warmly praised. The Four Seasons are represented by detachments of young ladies dressed in different colours, and having wands tipped with flower-formed letters, with which they spell the words Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The representatives of the first named are dressed in emerald-green satin, Summer is expressed by amber, ruddy Autumn by crimson, and Winter by pure white. This is an exceedingly pretty idea, and has been worked out with such completeness that the effect consequent upon the amalgamation of these rich dresses is something more than ordinarily magnificent, and causes one to feel positive regret when the scene closes. The Farmyard adjoining the mill is one of the most notable scenes in the pantomime. Painters and property men can do much, as we all know, but that nature can do more has probably caused Mr. Smith to employ real animals. Not only are the tractable horses led across the stage, but cows, hounds, sheep, and proverbially obstinate donkeys follow in due course. The second ballet is in no way inferior to its predecessor, and is equally characteristic. The corps are, for the time being, witches in a haunted glen. The dresses are of silver grey tinsel, and every witch carries a wand having a serpent twined round it. The figures are kept constantly moving under the rays of an electric light, and the effect is very beautiful. Miss Caroline Parkes, as Jack Sprat, executes a burlesque dance, and Mr. Atkins sings a very cleverly written song, destitute of the slightest vulgarity of feeling or expression. Mr. Charles Brew's transformation scene is next brought forward, and is undoubtedly far beyond anything hitherto effected by that excellent artist. The stage is flooded with light, which shines upon fairies suspended in golden cradles, while others are seen standing on enormous and glittering dragon-flies. The finishing touch to this gorgeous but most artistic *tout ensemble* is given by the moving wings of the insects, which reflect the light, and produce a most unique effect. Harlequin and Harlequina are represented by Mr. Dean and Miss Lant, Columbine by Miss Annie Cook, Pantaloon by Mr. Deulin Johnson, and Clown by M. Milano. The Elliott Family appear successfully as Sprites; and a juvenile troupe of pantomimists, consisting of the Masters Wilde and the Misses Elliott, assist in the general attractions. Having already given the plot of the pantomime here, we have only reverted to several of the principal scenes.

THE STRAND.—The clever drama of the "Green Bushes" has been closely parodied by Mr. Byron, under the title "The 'Grin' Bushes; or, The 'Mra.' Brown of the 'Missis'sippi," for the Christmas entertainment at this favourite house. The story has been followed with such faithfulness that it is here only necessary to say it is compressed within six scenes, commencing with the rollicking humours of the Irish fair, which gives the principal characters a capital chance of throwing the audience at once into good humour by an Irish jig. We have the wicked George O'Kennedy (Mr. D. James) urging the instant flight of the unjustly-accused Connor O'Kennedy (Miss Kaynham), as in the original piece. Thence we are abruptly, but, time considered, necessarily, taken to the Log Hut on the banks of the mighty Mississippi, a well-painted scene, which secured for the artist, Mr. Charles Fenton, who, as Captain Darts, is discovered on the rock he has himself painted, a congratulatory round of applause. Under the name of Brown we find Connor O'Kennedy has been for some time living the life of a hunter on the prairie, and has made the Indian girl, Miami (Mr. James Stoyke), Mrs. Brown. An amusing scene illustrative of Brown's difficulty in resigning himself to his situation, and Mrs. Brown's jealousy, is embellished with some cleverly written parodies, and then we behold the deserted Geraldine (Miss Ada Swanborough) wandering with the family umbrella in search of her emigrant husband. The revengeful Miami discharges her unerring rifle at the reunited pair, and as Brown fancies if he makes her believe he is shot that he can escape the consequences of the awkward position in which he finds himself, he assumes the recumbent position most likely to favour the impression. Miami flings herself into the Mississippi, and is caught in the big drum of a regimental band passing in a boat at the time. Back again to Ireland in the next scene we have Nelly O'Neill (Miss Eliza Johnstone) mourning the abduction of Geraldine's child, which has been left under her care, and her resolve to recover it through the expedient of singing the strain of the "Green Bushes." The child-seeking expedition is carried on through the snowy streets of Dublin, and a sudden and admirably-managed change to the brilliantly-illuminated drawing-room of Miami, who is wonderfully altered under the influence of civilization, brings the story to its well-known happy conclusion. Miss Ada Swanborough plays Geraldine with great earnestness of expression, and sings her portion of the vocal illustrations with her usual taste and skill. Miss Raynham gives a bold travesty of the traitor O'Kennedy, and Mr. D. James a quaint portraiture of the treacherous George, who has the peculiarity in this instance of concealing his hypocrisy under the most exuberant spirits, cracking puns and dancing jigs on every possible and impossible occasion. Mr. James Stoyke took evidently great pains with the part of the mimicked Miami, and in his make-up presented a most imposing appearance. Miss Eliza Johnstone is the "life" of the piece as Nelly O'Neill. Miss Maria Simpson has not a great deal to do as Phil Murtogh, but her spirit and animation found no check on that account. A capital quartette, with the usual nigger dance, in which Miss Simpson, Mr. D. James, Mr. Charles Fenton, and Miss Johnstone went through the vocal and Terpsichorean movements incidental to Charity Minstrelsy, won a well-deserved encore. The writing of the burlesque is in Mr. Byron's best style of penmanship; and the scenery and dresses exceedingly good. "Lawrence's Love Sait" and "The Wilful Ward" have been the other attractions.

PAVILION.—"St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom," is the title of the pantomime here. Mr. F. G. Obeatham appears to have exercised his well known powers of punning to the utmost in the dialogue. The curtain rises upon the Brazen Castle of Calyba, where Ormandine, the magician (Mr. Wilson), and Calyba, the enchantress (Mrs. Moreton Brooks) are found plotting against the Champions. The Seven Champions are personated respectively by Miss Lizzie Branch (St. Denis), Miss M. Fredericks (St. Andrew), Miss A. Lester (St. James), Mrs. Bowden (St. Anthony), Miss Annie Smith (St. David), Mr. J. S. Fox (St. Patrick), and Mrs. Henry Powell (St. George), and upon the last-named devolves the main weight of the opening. She sings the

songs and parodies entrusted to her very creditably, and makes a most comic fight with the Dragon, admirably made up by Mr. T. Wenham, who blows real fire from his eyes and nostrils. The other Champions acquit themselves favourably, and perform some extraordinary gyrations on basket-horses, as did also Mr. W. Burgess, as Trusty, the squire of St. George. Mr. W. Artand made his first appearance at this theatre as Ruffinittum, King of Egypt, and the father of the Princess Sabra (Miss Fanny Raynor), whose hand is put forth as the reward to be gained by the renowned St. George for his deeds of valour. Miss Raynor looks very pretty, and acts most charmingly, while Miss Nelly Gordon makes a handsome Fairy Queen. Mr. W. H. Walters, as the Prince of Morocco, who is in love with Sabra, is funny, and his staging was marked by much humour. A "Grand Procession" introduces a vast number of supernumeraries, evidently well-trained to their business, as are also the band of fairies, who appear in the ballet scene, the "Valley of Blue Bells." This is arranged with much taste, and elicits the warmest tokens of approbation. The artist, Mr. Quirk, has had to appear to receive the congratulations of the audience, and also Mr. Henry Powell, the lessee, during the development of the Transformation Scene, the "Silver Lake and Rippling Waters in the Realm of Fairy Land." This presents a beautiful effect, as the materials of which it is made up are of the most gorgeous character. The most marked approval is also bestowed upon the allegorical tableau of St. George and the Dragon at the termination of the pantomime. The fun of the harlequinade is of the most boisterous character, and contributed by a lively set of pantomimists. Mr. J. Silvain as Harlequin, Miss Marian Smith as Columbine, Miss Ellen Bertram as Harlequina, Mr. W. Burgess as Pantaloon, and Mr. Frank Emery as Clown. He introduces some clever performing dogs. Two Sprites, called Carlo and Bell, prove very fair adepts in the art of posturing, and agreeably fill up the gap in the fun caused by the Clown and Pantaloon.

THE GRECIAN.—The Pantomime at this Theatre is a decided success, and one fully qualified to rank among the best of the year. It is the joint production of Messrs. George Conquest and Spry, and is founded partly on the ballet of "Punch," and partly on the celebrated thrilling drama, in innumerable acts, so frequently enacted in our streets. The first scene, the Land of Toys, discovers Holiday (Miss Marie Brewer) surrounded by all the inmates of a Noah's Ark, and in the masks and general make-up of these characters no little humour is displayed. After a visit from the Good Little Fairy of the Wood (Miss Isabella Conquest) a subject for the pantomime is agreed upon, and we are transported into the Caves of Despair, and introduced to Illature, Spleen, and Spite, and a still more formidable party, the Fend himself. These genii are impersonated by Messrs. Howard, Power, Goodwin, and Leopold. The next scene, the Cobalt Rocks, serves merely to introduce the Groves of Golden Banyans, a very beautifully painted view, framed in with the picturesque banyan tree, and here a ballet of Wood Nymphs is introduced, displaying the grace and efficiency of Mrs. Conquest's pupils, and rendered most enchanting by the exquisite dancing of Miss Laura and Miss Isabella Conquest. Next follows the Enchanted Forest, in which the gnarled trunks of the trees are fantastically made to assume the most weird-like aspect, and here King Nervous (Mr. Jackson) is very artistically horrified by Shalaballah (Mr. Graat), both of these gentlemen displaying largely their burlesque talent. In the next scene we see Punch and Judy at home, and it is here that Mr. George Conquest makes his first appearance, and receives the heartiest of welcomes. The story progresses, and we are severally introduced to "Lake Lovely" (a most charming scene), the "Palace of King Nervous," &c., &c., until we finally arrive at the denouement and the Transformation Scene, "The Butterfly's Home." We have no hesitation in pronouncing this scene one of the most chaste and tasteful ever presented to an audience, and one that must considerably enhance the fame of Mr. Messenger, the artist. Princess Rosebud finds a most winning representative in Miss Laura Conquest, and Prince Vallant, a fast young man, played by Miss Victor, and as hero and heroine these talented young ladies dash through the opening, giving song and dance with irresistible fun and spirit. The part of Judy is also capably played by Mr. Manning. In the part of Punch Mr. Conquest appeared quite at home, and found opportunities of introducing some very clever acrobatic feats, for which he is so celebrated. The comic scenes are bustled through by Mr. Wright (Clown), Mr. Power (Pantaloon), Mr. Osmond (Harlequina), and Misses Dewbury and Byal (Columbines) aided by the Brothers Leopold, two very good Sprites. His are made at the popular topics, and cause endless mirth.

EFFINGHAM.—The title of the pantomime here is "Harlequin Goody Two Shoes; or, Robin the Ploughboy and the Castle of the Seven Passions." It is the best Christmas piece ever brought out at this theatre, and its general arrangement is very creditable to Mr. Isaac Cohen, the stage manager, while all the other people retained have exerted themselves to the utmost to make the affair successful, and so far they have done so. The opening, by Mr. Edward Towers, is full of smart sayings, and the pantomime altogether is of a most lengthy and elaborate character, introducing a series of scenic effects by Mr. George Smythies and Mr. Rough, the artist and machinist, that would do credit to any management. The introduction abounds in fun, and the leading topics of the day are well hit off, while there are several taking parodies and songs, which are mainly rendered by Miss Adelaide Downing, Miss Pettifer, Mr. G. Lewis, Mr. Morris Abrahams, and the younger members of the Alexander family. The whole strength of the company is centred on the opening, and Miss M. Foster, as was the case last year, makes an exceedingly beautiful Fairy Queen, by name Baidentina; while Miss Pettifer appears as Robin Goodheart, Miss Adelaide Downing as Goody Two Shoes, Mr. Morris Abrahams as Rubecondelpitz, and Mr. Lewis as Swizzle. Upon these four the development of the plot of the Pantomime falls, and they all exert themselves admirably, especially Mr. Abrahams, who has long been known as a sterling burlesque comedian. His songs and dances were rendered by much humour, as were those of Master J. Alexander and Miss Marie Alexander. These are both well known to the patrons of music halls, and the versatility they display is most remarkable. A Miss Edith Murray and a Master Rough are another little couple, who display a deal of precocious talent in the course of the Pantomime, as the Old Year and Will o' the Wisp; and of the others who are engaged in its development, Mr. Murray makes a most bewitching representative of Love. There are a host of evil-doers, headed by Mr. Burleigh, as Zamel Rumpelstuck; Mr. F. Paul, as Envy; Mr. Davis, as Pride; Mr. Simpson, as Rage; Mr. J. Russell, as Avarice; Mr. F. H. Henry, as Idleness; and Mr. H. Young, as Luxury; all are capably dressed and masked; and the rest of the minor characters are dressed in a most satisfactory manner. Miss Forster, Miss Pettifer, Miss Downing, and Mrs. Murray are all most gorgeously apparelled, and the whole appointments of the spectacle are worthy of notice from the marks of taste and efficiency they display. In a scene called the Village of Content, where a rustic dance takes place, the dancers are all dressed with judgment, while in the ballet scene, the Valley of Light, the appointments of the *corps de ballet* are of a most gorgeous description, and great credit is due to the parties who designed them. The scenic plot just alluded to is very pretty, as is also the Transformation effect, the Crystal Doll by Moonlight. The latter is a most elaborate affair, and it can hardly be surpassed for beauty and splendour, the mechanism being as worthy of praise as the painting and decoration. A good company of pantomimists are retained in Mr. and Mrs.

Alexander, as Harlequin and Columbine; Little Dolphin, as Clown; Felix Safferini, as Pantaloon; and Signor Leopold, as Sprite; and these are augmented by Mr. G. Robinson, and Mr. Paul, the one as Policeman (in scarlet), and the other as a "Dandy," who comes in, as may well be imagined, for a deal of rough usage from the Clown and Pantaloon. The Harlequinade is noticeable for displaying the customary amount of fun, and a most novel effect is created by a sea-fight, supposed to take place off Southampton.

THE QUEEN'S.—The pantomime of "Old Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat; or, Harlequin Little Boy Blue who Lost his Sheep," at this theatre is a very good one. Mr. Hill, as King of the Balrashes; Mr. Edwin Sennett, as Squire Broadlands; Mr. Lay, as Jack o'-Lantern; Mrs. Harrison, as Little Boy Blue; Miss Blanche Forde, as Rosette; and Miss Jenny Slade, as Starlight, have studied their parts with great care. The Maypole Dance, in which the blue and red ribbons are plaited by the ballet while dancing round the maypole, is very pretty and ingenious. The scenery should be witnessed to be appreciated. The Crystalline Cave, the Chromatic Fountain of Real Water, the Barometrical Hall, are all extraordinary productions, and as each is presented it is received with hearty greeting. The Transformation Scene consists of an Aquamarine Palace, where, amidst the rocks, the Nereids reposed, and some coloured fire gave an excellent effect to the positions, the dresses, and the complexions of these goddesses. Miss Jenny Slade, as Starlight, spangled, rises in the attitude of a statue in the background, and performs that character with great credit, for, as a statue, she moves neither hand nor foot, and is seen in her marble posture till hidden by the changed scene. Then commences the harlequinade, introducing us to a Poulterer and Butcher's Shop, a Quiet Street, the Roofs of London, a Gipsy Encampment. The character of Harlequin is taken and well supported by Mr. Fortune, that of Pantaloon by Mr. Redmond, that of Clown by Mr. Bickett, (and a first-class Clown), too, and that of Columbine by Miss Lizzie George. Mirth and jollity have it all their own way, much to every one's amusement. The young ladies of the ballet are both pretty and graceful, and perform their part most admirably. We can but recommend our readers to go and spend a pleasant evening at the Queen's Theatre, and we are quite sure they will not regret it.

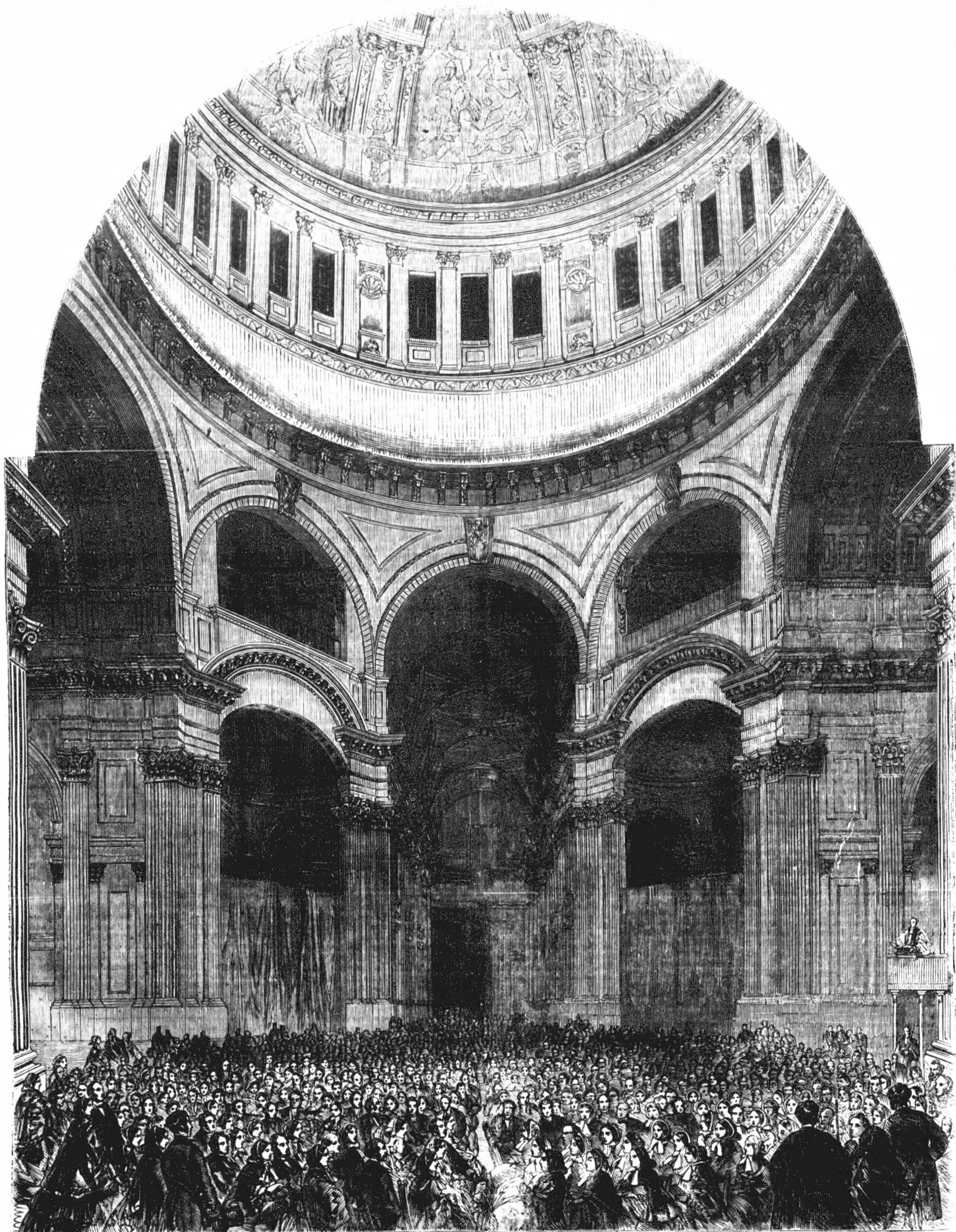
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

LAST week the seat of the Earl of Leicester, at Holkham, was honoured by the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales (see p. 489), where they were met by a distinguished circle. There was plenty of shooting during the week, and the visit of their royal highnesses was appropriately terminated on Thursday evening by a grand ball, between 300 and 400 being present.

The general company arrived at the main entrance at the north front, the great Egyptian hall being the entrance hall. It is situated in the immediate centre of the north front, and measures thirty-eight by thirty-one feet on the ground floor and forty feet in height. Fluted Ionic variegated marble pillars form the colonnade or gallery of communication, supported on a marble basement, with borders above and beneath of black marble inlaid with white, *a la Grecque*. This hall forms a more majestic sight than can be conceived, and was planned after the Ionic temple at Rome. The floor is of Portland stone, bordered with another of a darker colour. The hexagonal mosaics of the ceiling were copied from Degoditz's designs of the Temple of Peace. On the walls are the Trial of Boracates, Death of Germanicus, &c., in alto and bas-relief. In the niches of the colonnade are statues of Apollo, Flora, &c., and to add to the grandeur of the scene the niches were filled by a number of splendid plants and a quantity of lamps. At the south end is a flight of steps eighteen feet wide leading up to the saloon. The ball-room comprised three apartments, consisting of the saloon and the east and west drawing-room. The former is a noble and spacious apartment, forty-eight feet by twenty-eight, thirty-two feet in height, and the whole entablature is of the composite order, and taken from Palladio's proportions. The foliage in the frieze and the octagon mosaics in the cove of the ceiling are very fine. There are two Sicilian marble column chimney-pieces, with bas-reliefs in the tablets of the friezes. Busts of Francis, Duke of Bedford, Right Hon. Charles James Fox, Right Hon. William Wyndham, and the Marquis of Hastings, are placed on the chimney-pieces. The room is hung with crimson embossed Genoa velvet, and the paintings are many of them by eminent masters, few, if any, collections in the kingdom containing so many by that infatigable artist Claude Lorraine. On the south side of the saloon a vestibule had been made on the portico for the band, and it was designed and executed with such consummate skill as to resemble a fairy bower, by Mr. Girvin, the head gardener. The company began to arrive at about nine o'clock, and the magnificent Egyptian hall and saloon, all ablaze with an effulgence of light, began to fill rapidly, and shortly before ten o'clock dancing commenced to the excellent music of Howlett's Norwich quadrille band, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales leading off with the Countess of Leicester, and the Lord Lieutenant with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The scene was really a most lovely and brilliant one. Supper was served at twelve o'clock in the statue gallery, which occupies the entire west front of the mansion, and is a grand and distinguishing feature. The statues which are most admired are those of Diana and Venus. His royal highness conducted the Countess of Leicester, and Earl Leicester the Princess of Wales, to the supper table. After supper dancing was resumed, and continued till between three and four o'clock. Her Royal Highness the Princess wore a white lace skirt over a white dress, trimmed with scarlet geraniums and velvet; her ornaments were diamonds. Their royal highnesses danced with a number of the country people, and did not leave the ball-room till about three o'clock.

THE GERMANS AND THE MULLER AFFAIR.—The *Kreuz Zeitung* of Berlin has not yet yet done with the Muller affair. It has published another article, more than three columns in length, upon this subject. The concluding words of the article sufficiently characterise the value of it. They run thus:—"And now one thing in conclusion. What a sad illustration of the genuine constitutional monarchy is it that the ruler of about 200,000,000 of the human race is unable, even upon the petition of the princes most nearly related to her, and though the most serious doubts are urged upon her—is unable, we say, to keep the rope from the neck of a poor German journeyman tailor, for so brief a period as three or four days."

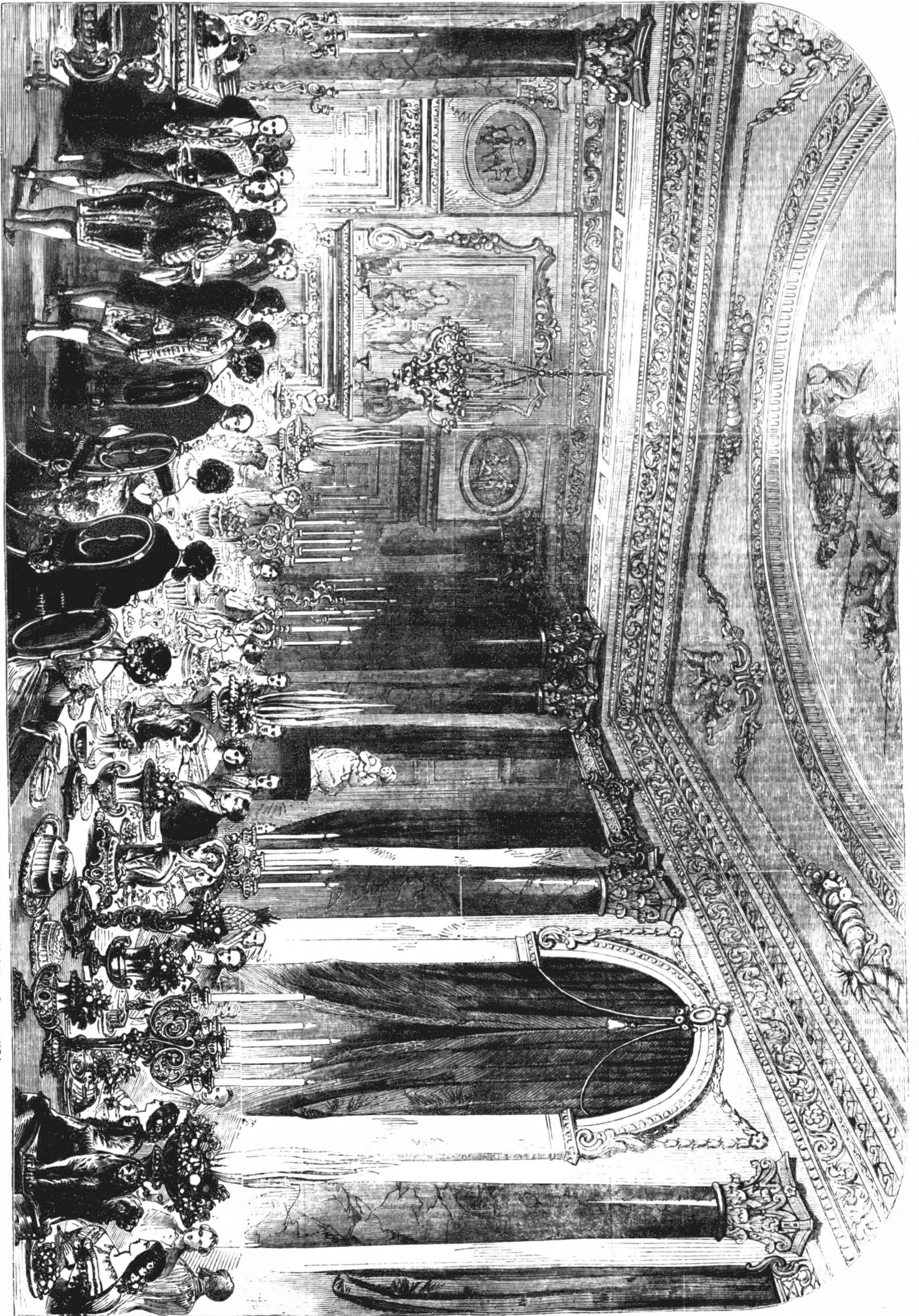
DEATH IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—On Saturday last, Mr. Coroner Swan held an inquest at Broughton Salney, Notts, on the body of Mr. Charles James Fryatt, veterinary surgeon, Nottingham, whose death was caused by a fall in the hunting field. It appeared from the evidence of a former named Bonser that at the time of the accident he was out hunting at Broughton, and deceased was one of the party. After running from the covert about a mile, he saw the deceased lying on the ground; his horse had gone away. He was lying on his side, with his head under him. He appeared to be quite senseless, and never spoke. A little brandy was given to him, but he could not swallow. He was bleeding very much from the ear, nose, and mouth. Deceased was after wards taken to an inn. Witness saw the horse get up and go towards the bounds. He took particular notice of the ground where the horse fell, and saw marks where it had slipped before taking the fence. He was of opinion that the horse fell from an overreach, and that in struggling to get up it probably struck deceased on the head. Verdict, "Died from injuries received by an accidental fall while hunting."



SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE EARL OF LEICESTER'S—THE BALL SUPPER. (See page 487.)



ALLEGED KIDNAPPING A GIRL BY PRIESTS.

A woman between forty and fifty years of age, of very respectable appearance, attended at the Westminster Police-court, and implored the assistance of the magistrate to recover a daughter who had most suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her home.

The poor woman said: My daughter left home on Friday morning to go to the Oratory at Brompton, where she was in the habit of attending for religious worship. She was to return to breakfast, but she never came, and I waited hour after hour for her, and was very uneasy about her absence. Finding that she did not return home that night, I went on Saturday morning to her priest, Father Bowden, at the Oratory, and asked him if he knew anything about her, informing him at the same time of her disappearance. He replied that he would see about it and let me know soon.

Mr. Selfe: What is her age?—Applicant: She is above sixteen. Mr. Selfe: Then you can't claim her.—Applicant: When I pressed Father Bowden, I mentioned that I thought of going to Scotland-yard and giving information to the police. He then said, "Let it be for a few days; don't go to the police. I would advise you to be quiet, as she will have left the country." When I came to make further inquiries about my daughter I was told to go and ask Father Bowden, who had stated that he was going to send my daughter away somewhere, and that a letter had been written stating that he would provide for her.

Mr. Selfe: Of what religious persuasion are you?—Applicant: Protestant.

Mr. Selfe: How is it that your daughter goes to a Catholic place of worship?—Applicant: Her father was a Catholic, and she went to a Catholic school at Somers-town. I am a widow now with other children, but they are all away from home.

Mr. Selfe: What were the habits of your daughter?—Applicant: She was a kind and affectionate girl, and very much attached to me.

Mr. Selfe: Had you any idea that she was about to leave her home?—Applicant: Not the slightest.

Mr. Selfe: You never heard of any such intention?—Applicant: No, I am sure she had not; we were talking over some future arrangements only a day or two before. She was a very affectionate, good child, and always lived with me.

Mr. Selfe: Did she follow any business?—Applicant: Although my daughter, I may say that she was a girl of very pleasing appearance, and had an engagement relating to which she was to have gone to that day, when she disappeared. She used to sit to an artist for her features. Her face was very nice.

Mr. Selfe: I will immediately write to Father Bowden.

The worthy magistrate did so, and giving the poor woman the letter, said, "Take that to the Oratory. If you do not get an answer come back to me." The applicant withdrew with the letter.

Father Bowden, who appeared to be a very young man, presented himself before the magistrate, and underwent a severe questioning by Mr. Selfe.

After some preliminary observations, Mr. Selfe said: The mother states with great particularity, and says she can prove it, that the suggestion of entering a home was not voluntary on the part of the girl, and that it came from you.

Father Bowden: It came from me in the first instance, but that was some time ago, and it was another "home," but on that occasion the mother refused her permission.

Mr. Selfe: Have you ever taken any pains to communicate to this girl's mother on the subject of her daughter, who was part of her family, leaving home without the mother's knowledge or consent?

Father Bowden: I did certainly intend to have informed the mother that I knew she was in a safe place when she was finally settled there. I simply acted as the girl's adviser. It was not my act: it was the girl's, entirely and voluntarily.

Mr. Selfe: Now, sir, answer me this. Do you mean to say that you were not the first person who proposed to her, and suggested that she should leave her home?—In the first instance I suggested it, about a year ago, I think.

Mr. Selfe: Then, sir, if the mother's story is correct, she was only fifteen years of age, and if you had induced her to leave her home at that time you would have been liable to three years' imprisonment.

Father Bowden: I never proposed to her to leave her mother without obtaining her consent.

Mr. Selfe: I want to know on what ground you advised her to leave her mother's home on this occasion.

Father Bowden: I think she would have turned out a bad character.

Mr. Selfe: Her mother says she is a lively girl and easily led; that she is perfectly well behaved; that she had never the least reason to suppose she had fallen from the path of virtue, and was in no danger of it; that she was very happy, and keeping company with a very respectable young man. I want to know why you should suggest the girl's leaving her home in this manner without in any way communicating the fact to her mother?—Father Bowden: She represented herself as unhappy with her mother; it was also because I had myself seen the girl in the streets, and her conduct there and her general behaviour and demeanour were not respectable, and did not in my estimation become her as a respectable girl. I cross-examined her upon it, and she admitted that she was under no control at home, she did as she liked there; and there seemed she said, little prospect of her going on right if she stayed at home.

Mr. Selfe: Now, Father Bowden, I strongly advise you, as a gentleman and as a clergyman, to wash your hands of this business without delay, and to undo the work which you have done. I promise you that if this is not done, and very speedily, you will not hear the last of it, nor the society to which you belong. If I could ascertain from the girl's own statement, and knew that the statement was reliable that she herself was desirous of leaving home, I should not think it my province to interfere further. I should like to have an opportunity of knowing that she is unbiassed, and should like to hear what she says. If she is under the control of persons, however respectable they might be, at this "home" (and I will not say but that some of these institutions are most excellent in many respects, and I cannot say one word against them) she cannot fail to be biassed in some degree; the end does not justify the means.

Agreeably with arrangement Eliza M'Dermot, accompanied by a lady from the institution in which she had been placed, came to the Westminster Police-court on Saturday, in order that Mr. Selfe might have an opportunity, with his wife, of ascertaining for himself the circumstances connected with her departure from her home, and her inclination as to her future disposal. In order to effect this desirable end without the influence of any coercion, Mr. Selfe took the young woman and the lady to his private residence in St. George's-square, where, alone with Mr. and Mrs. Selfe, she had a very lengthened interview, at the termination of which Eliza M'Dermot having been left by the lady who had accompanied her, started alone on her return to the asylum from which she had been brought.

In the afternoon Mrs. M'Dermot came to the court with a number of testimonials of character, which, as it may be remembered, she had been requested to provide herself with in the early stage of these proceedings, and shortly before the rising of the court.

Mr. Selfe, addressing her, said: I have seen your daughter, Mrs. M'Dermot; she has been to my house, and in presence of my wife and myself has had a long interview, and has told her own story. There are, I am sorry to tell you, certain things in connection with your daughter which you do not know, and which I am rather loth to tell you, and which I think, upon consideration, I had better not,

and you must be content with what I am going to tell you respecting her. She says she perfectly well knows what she is about; she is, I consider, perfectly capable of forming an opinion for herself, and she says that she went to this "home" entirely of her own free will, whoever the original suggestion may have come from. She tells me that she went there of her own accord, and that she deceived you unfortunately by not telling you, but it is her own strong wish, independent of any control or bias from any one else that she should remain in the institution where she has placed herself. Under the circumstances with which she herself has made me acquainted, and which I believe, I think she is better where she is than if she had remained at home. I think that, on the whole, she has acted wisely in adopting this course, excepting that she ought to have acquainted you with her designs, and was wrong in not doing so. She ought to have told you, as it appears she has always been a Catholic; and it would have been well for her had you given your sanction to the matter; and she is to blame in that respect. I think also that the rev. gentleman was to blame in sanctioning her departure without your knowledge, and I at once told him so. I consider that it ought to have been suggested to you at the time she was about to leave. Now, I have seen her quietly and privately with my wife, and without anybody having any influence over her, and she appears to be, and says she is, perfectly satisfied with her present position and the place where she now is, and where you will have an opportunity of seeing her—of course under necessary restrictions—at some time I think not very far distant.

AN IMPUDENT THIEF.

ABOUT the middle of May last a young sickly-looking man, calling himself Charles Walter Thorne, arrived in Ayr, and on alighting at the station inquired of Mr. Blair, station-master, if he could recommend him to a quiet lodging in the neighbourhood. He was directed to a house in the suburbs, where he obtained furnished apartments. He was in very delicate health, and was attended by a medical gentleman of the town. He remained here about a fortnight, during which time he took daily carriage drives, and his health seemed to improve considerably. He said he expected a lady, whom he had entrusted with the transaction of some urgent business for him in London, to call for him, and he went frequently to the station to meet her, but she never came. At last he said he would require to go to London himself, and he accordingly set off on a Monday morning, promising that he would return in a few days. He sent a telegram announcing his safe arrival in the metropolis; but nothing further was heard of him until Wednesday, when a lithographed circular was received at the various banks in town (accompanying which was a carte de visite of the stranger), stating that his real name was Walter H. Dalgleish, late a clerk in the service of the Borneo Banking Company at Hong Kong, and that he had robbed the company of a £30,000 draft, for which he obtained cash in London. On the 5th May, Dalgleish paid £1,000 in fifty bank of England notes for £20 each, into the Mercantile and Exchange Bank at London, in the name of Ralph Ensign, to be remitted to his credit with the Glasgow branch of that bank. He also paid £1,580 in seventy-nine like notes to the London Bank of Scotland, getting in exchange two orders of £790 each on their branch in Glasgow, in favour of Ralph Ensign. He then, as Ralph Ensign, received payment of the £1,000 and the £1,580 in Scotch notes in Glasgow, after which he proceeded to Ayr. While in Ayr he showed a considerable amount in gold, as well as a number of unset diamonds and jewellery. He spoke of having a sister in Canada, who was married to a Roman Catholic. The last glimpse got of Dalgleish was at the Crystal Palace, near London, on the 11th of June, since which all trace of him has been lost; but he is believed to have passed as Henry Gray, of Canada, and he may have gone to Canada or some other part of America. It is supposed that after getting the £2,580 in Glasgow he must have opened an account with or procured credit on America from some bank or banks under the names of Walter H. Dalgleish, Ralph Ensign, Charles Walter Thorne, Henry Gray, or some other alias, and perhaps transferred the money from one bank to another to evade being traced. It seems Dalgleish had been sent home by one of the partners of the Borneo Banking Company in Hong Kong on account of the delicate state of his health, and he had stolen the draft before leaving, and the theft not being discovered for some time afterwards, he has had ample time to "go off to parts unknown."—North British Mail.

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

ON page 492, we give two illustrations of scenes in Algeria. The Ouled-Nail form a powerful wandering tribe, whose travelling grounds extend over nearly the whole region situated between the cases of Biskra, Bou-Saada and Larouat. It is divided into numerous factions, each of which, ruled by a sheikh, leads a roving life within its own traditional circle. Their property consists of herds of camels and sheep, of which they possess immense numbers, some individuals owning as many as three and four hundred camels.

When the heat becomes excessive, a few wandering groups will fix themselves in the neighbourhood of those parts of the Sahara where the water never dries; others seek the Tell, which they are compelled to visit annually to lay in their store of grain. The Ouled-Nail frequents all the markets and fairs of Sahara, amongst the most important of which are those of Tougourt, Biskra, Larouat, and Bou-Saada. The women of this tribe are regarded as more beautiful than Arab women generally; they are certainly less respectable. A group of these females, engraved on page 492, will allow our reader to judge of their charms.

The children of Ben-Aissa are another sect or tribe of wandering Arabs. Ben-Aissa, the father of the tribe, was master-conjuror, and has the reputation of having performed some very extraordinary miracles. He obtained a very powerful influence over the Sultan of Fez; and being anxious to increase the number of his disciples, he induced the Sultan to issue an edict ordering that at a certain period of the year the inhabitants of Meknes should be forbidden to leave their homes during the space of seven days, the Aissas excepted. To this day the law is enforced, but, as one may suppose, the number of citizens who each year have to submit to imprisonment becomes less, while the disciples of Ben-Aissa largely increase.

Delegates of the sect travel over the whole of Algeria several times during the year, to collect funds to build and endow mosques in various districts for their exclusive use; but the contributions collected are never very large, nor do their religious establishments present anything remarkable.

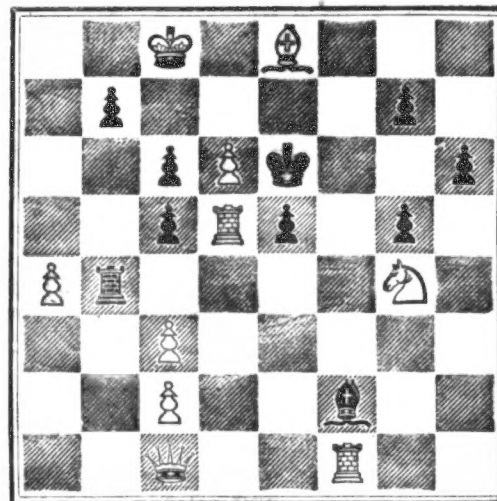
The Aissas are reputed to eat with impunity the flesh of animals which would be poisonous to others, and to have the power of subduing reptiles the most venomous, and beasts the most savage. It would seem that they have some secret means of preserving themselves from the effects of poison, and exercising a restraining influence over the passions of animals. Of all the religious sects among the Arabs in Algeria, the Aissas are certainly the most numerous and the most remarkable.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical Galvanic and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulkner's Laboratory, 40, Enfield-street. We draw especial attention to the newly-invented Magnetic Electric Coil, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without battery or acid; also to the brilliant light made by burning Magnetised Wire, which is now sold at 3d per foot; and to the Magnetic Electric Engine, a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s. to 30s.—Advertisement.]

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 232.—By A. D. L.

Black.



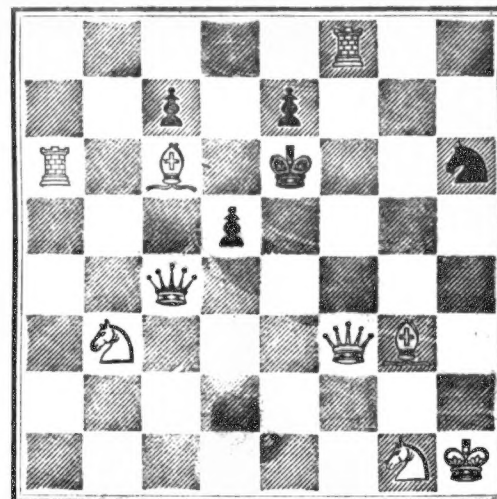
White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 233.—By STRATFORDIAN.

(For the Juveniles.)

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 232.

White.

1. P to B5 (ch)
2. P to K4
3. Either Kt mates

Black.

1. K takes R
2. Any move

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 233.

1. B to K square; and mates next move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 224.

1. P to B7
2. Kt to Q5
3. Mates according

1. R takes P (best)
2. Anything

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 225.

1. R to Q8
2. Q to K4 (mates)
1.

1. Kt to Q Kt 3, or Q B 6, or B takes P, or (a)
- (a) 1. Kt takes R (b)

2. R takes P, and mates
1.
2. R to Q B 4 (mates)
1.
2. Q to K3 (mates)

- (b) 1. P to Q4 (c)
- (c) 1. B to K6 or KR7

Solutions up to the present date, by G. Adin (Manchester), F. R. S., J. Abbot, W. Travers, Beppo, J. P. (Yoxford), A. Markham, C. Munday, T. Cariss, Clegg (of Oldham), T. Austin, Heath and Cobb (of Margate), E. Hunter, A. McGregor, Robert Mitchellson, A. Mayhew, W. Fulcher, E. P. White Knight, T. Pierce, W. G., Willie, J. Crosbie, N. Shes, J. W. Wilson, F. Burdett, and G. F.—correct.

A SAD FATE.—Nearly a fortnight ago Miss Mary Baldwin Corbett left her home at Camden-place, Stourport, and up to last Sunday nothing could be heard of her. Miss Corbett was a niece of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, whose name is associated with extensive works in Worcestershire and Staffordshire; and she had for some time resided under his roof. It appears that she had for a considerable period been in an unsound state of mind, and a surveillance was consequently kept upon her actions. Owing to a supposed improvement in her condition of late, she had been left more unrestrained, and, availing herself of her liberty, she left her uncle's house between nine and ten o'clock on the night of the 28th of December, and did not return. Every means were taken to discover what had become of her, and most of the pools in the neighbourhood were examined, in the fear that she was drowned. Nothing, however, was found which tended to throw any light on her disappearance till about noon on Sunday, when a waterman named Howley, who was on the Severn between Bewdley and Stourport, saw a woman's body in the water. It was got out, and proved to be the remains of Miss Corbett. She had on a garden bunnet which she had taken with her on leaving Mr. Baldwin's house, and her ordinary attire. The body was taken to the Swan Hotel, Stourport. The deceased lady was about thirty years of age. Elevators 24d, 34d, and 44d per 100. Note paper 3d, 4d, and 6d. Five Quires. If at any time you want cheaper and better stationery than you get from your regular stationer, try Arthur Granger's, Patentee of the New Safety Envelopes and Writing Papers, 804, High Holborn, W.C. Agents Wanted.—Advertisement.]

MARRIAGE A RICH WIDOW.—James Murphy, a decently-dressed young man, of Church-street, Deptford, appeared to summon his wife upon him to show cause why a debt should not be made upon him to the sum of money, alleged to be due on a promissory note given to him by a friend of Labour Society. Michael Neagle, the secretary, said the society in question was held at the King's Arms public-house, Church-street, Deptford, but that the loan, in respect of which the balance due was now ascertained, had been made to one William Annes, since dead. Magistrate: How is it, then, that you summon the defendant for another man's debt, and that man dead, too? (Laughter.) Witness: Well, we summon because he married the dead man's widow. (Renewed laughter.) Magistrate: But, before the widow married again, did you ever apply to her to pay her late husband's debt? Witness: I did your worship, and she was exceedingly "cheeky" (loud laughter), telling me that as her husband was dead the debt was dead too. Magistrate: So it undoubtedly is, unless you can show that her husband left her any property of sufficient value to pay his debts, and that she has not disposed of that property. Witness: When her husband died he left well-stocked shop and fixtures, and the defendant is now in possession. Magistrate: (to defendant): What have you to say? Defendant: Your worship, I'm no scholar, and for the life of me I can't see why, because a man marries a widow, that therefore he ought to pay debts owing by a woman's former husband. (Laughter.) Magistrate: It all comes of marrying a rich widow. (Roar of laughter.) You are now in possession of the shop and fixtures which belonged to your wife's late husband. Defendant (shaking his head): I'm not so sure of that. (Renewed laughter.) It is true that I and a few other are married, but I'll tell you what she tells me. She says the property was not left for her benefit, but for the benefit of the two dear children he had with him. (Roar of laughter.) The magistrate having ascertained that the deceased had left a will, and that the defendant was undoubtedly in possession of whatever property he had, he gave an order upon the defendant for the amount due upon the promissory note, the society deducting therefrom the sum the deceased had as "stock" in the society at the time of his death.



THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.—WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY. (See page 490)



THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.—THE AISSAOUA, A RELIGIOUS SECT. (See page 490)



CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR'S FANCY BALL AT PARIS.

CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY AT PARIS.

PARIS on New Year's Day wears an unusual aspect. The streets are crowded with carriages and pedestrians; "commissionaires" are at a premium, and the toy and confectioners' shops are filled with well-dressed crowds. Some of these *confiseurs* drive a roaring trade; it is considered essentially the correct thing to offer the ladies of your acquaintance a couple of francs worth of sugar-plums in an artistic rosewood or oak box worth from three pounds upwards. Our readers may form some idea of the extent to which this mania of *citronnes* prevails when they hear that some of these sugar-plum vendors clear as much as £4,000 a-day during the *citronne* fever. As for toys, they bear the same relation to the old-

fashioned and simple peg-tops, marbles, &c., that used to delight our boyhood—the same relation as modern iron-clads to the ships on board which Captain Cook circumnavigated the world. Miniature steam-engines, miniature electric machines, magic lanterns with the proper apparatus for manufacturing ghosts, dolls that not only walk but talk, and are provided with wardrobes—all this forcibly reminds us that the rising generation is a wonderful one, and painfully convinces us that they understand "their epoch" in a very different way from what we used to do.

Whilst the splendid shops on the Boulevards afford the wearers of broadcloth a perfect *embarras du choix* as to the best way of throwing money away, the wearers of the blouse are provided with a similar facility, only on a reduced scale. From the Madeleine to the Bastille, and from the Strasburg terminus down to the river

side, a long line of booths stretches on either side of the way, where wonders may be procured at prices varying from 61. to 5s. The booths are patronised quite as extensively as the more fashionable shops, and at night the lights, the noise, the bargaining, the crowd forms a picture perfectly unique. This *foire aux etranes* lasts about a week, during which time a fabulous amount of money changes hands. It is to Paris what the Carnival is to Milan, Rome, or Naples—and is quite as well worth seeing.

Balls, parties, and theatricals are the order of the evenings. We give an illustration above of a juvenile evening party. Our readers will be able to contrast it with our English festivities during the past merry-makings; and the young folks home for the holidays may say how far their own juvenile parties came up to the one on our picture.

Literature.

NAT'S WIFE.

"Squire, where's this planny to go?"

"Here, in this room," answered a hearty, cheery voice. "A little further, Ben; that's right."

"But, squire, who's going to play on it? It doesn't go itself, does it?" with a sly twinkle in his little grey eyes.

Nat's manly, sunburnt face took a deeper tinge, and he answered, with an embarrassing laugh, "A piano first, and then a player."

"Well, I guess the player's engaged. They say there's nobody in town plays so well as Mary Snyder. She's a beauty anyway, if ever I saw one— isn't she, Tom?"

There was an expression of pride and perfect happiness in the depths of Nat's dark eyes, but he turned away shyly from the intelligent glances of the men.

"Take away all those packing-cases, Ben, and other rubbish, and store them in the old barn, and to-morrow finish that fence."

The men turned away. Nat looked after them, then softly shut and looked the door.

It was all done now. The new house was completed and nearly furnished, except a few old heirlooms, from garret to cellar.

It stood two storeys and a half high, painted white, with green blinds and a piazza, a little way back from the street, in one of the pleasantest spots in the town, surrounded by broad fields stretching far and wide. It was furnished prettily—almost luxuriantly, for a farm-house. He had gone fifty miles and selected with the greatest care every article of furniture with an eye to somebody's taste.

Nothing within his means could be too good for that somebody; and so Squire Nat, his broad forehead corrugated with frowns of anxiety, threaded his way among countless rolls of carpeting, and bewildering arrays of parlour sets, chamber sets, mirrors, and etageres, and then stopped in helpless dismay at the task before him. After a while, with the assistance of the courteous upholsterer, he made his selection, paid the bills, gave the directions for their being sent, and, not a little tired with his unwonted brain and eye work, took the next train home.

For whom was all this trouble taken? Who was this cherished somebody of whom even now Nat was thinking as he stood, we are sorry to say, in the unromantic attitude of both hands in his pockets and softly whistling, while he strolled in and out, from room to room, up-stairs and down, his face radiant with happiness, his thoughts busy with an unclouded future? Only—Nat's wife.

That is, his wife to be that day week—pretty Mary Snyder, the belle of the village—his—Nat's wife. How his great loving heart thrilled at the thought! Would she be pleased with this? Would she want that altered? What would she say when she saw the piano? She played on a miserable cracked thing at home, and this was the finest instrument money could purchase. There must have been a little romance in Nat's composition, or he would never have thought of keeping all his arrangements a secret to give her a pleasant surprise. It was past his power to keep the new house a secret, else it is certain he would; and Mary had been over it in different stages of its completion, from the time Nat's strong arm had been necessary to help her over the obstructing timber and half-laid floor, to take a peep into all the parts she could, till she stood in it painted and plastered, and it was pronounced finished.

But, since then, Nat had invented all sorts of reasons and excuses

for keeping her out, which, I suppose, he answered to his conscience some way. Mary knew that it was being furnished, and had all a woman's curiosity; but she had got the impression that everything was to be very plain, and you may be sure Nat did not contradict this idea.

His Mary! Would anything ever come between them to lessen their love and happiness? She was fragile. How tenderly he would cherish her! She must not be burdened with care and toil, as many farmers' wives were. Efficient help was already secured, and must be retained—he could afford it. The storms of life must not come near his darling. Her blue eyes should never weep one bitter tear through him—her heart never be for an instant heavy through any neglect of his. The indifference, the unkind words, the unhappiness of other homes must never be in his. Men were said to be selfish. He promised his own heart that he would ever consider Mary before himself. They would, God permitting, grow old together, loving each other more entirely as they neared the grave.

It grew twilight while he lithered and mused. He awoke to the gathering shadows. He went out, trying the doors after he had looked it, through the gate, and down the road till he came to a brown cottage.

The figures of two persons (a lady and gentleman) were visible through the parlour windows; but when he entered only one was there—his Mary. She met him near the door.

"You were not alone a moment ago?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes—no. Mr. Lyon came in for Fred, but not finding him, went out."

There was constraint and embarrassment in her manner. A shadow came over her lover's face.

"I thought Mr. Lyon was to have gone home yesterday."

The worm will turn. Every feeling of womanhood outraged came forward, her usually shy, downcast eyes bent, large, dark, and steadily on the excited Mary.

She started violently at the voice, and dropped the book held.

"My Esther, my pure, true, beautiful wife."

LETT'S DIARIES FOR 1865.—Who has not heard of Lett's Diaries;" and we may also say what commercial house or banking establishment, what law offices, what tradesman's desk, complete without one or more of these useful diaries; and, again, what "commercial," whether in town or country, is full equipped unless his pockets contain a "Lett's," of some form or other—either "a scribbler," "tablets," "pocket-book," "bills du book," and numerous other pocket or desk companions? To enumerate one-half the contents of Lett's Diaries would occupy columns. We may therefore briefly sum up by saying that every thing useful, handy, and most valuable in a commercial point of view, is there contained; while to the law and other leading professions they are of equal service. They are also most excellent got up, with every modern improvement for durability.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Rifle (late Brother to Minie) (t); 49 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Brahma (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Orkney's Ariel (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Williams's Longdown (t).

Mr. Naylor's Congress (t freely).

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP.

EVERY exertion is being used by the Atlantic Telegraph Construction Company, into whose hands the Great Eastern steamer has provisionally passed, to equip and prepare her for the service for which she is intended—that of laying the new Atlantic telegraph cable between this country and America. The great ship still remains at her moorings in the Medway, near Salt-pan-Reach, a short distance below Chatham, which she has occupied since her arrival from Liverpool, the experience of the late autumn and winter having proved that these were the best possible moorings which could have been selected for her on any part of the coast, as in addition to an excellent anchorage ground she is well protected from the westerly and southerly gales, while her proximity to the Thames allows the shipment of the Atlantic cable to be carried on with the least possible delay. During the late autumnal gales not the least anxiety was experienced for her safety, and the large ship, in short, would appear to be as safe in the excellent anchorage of the Medway as if she were in dock in the Thames. For several months after her arrival in the river a considerable sum was realized from the large numbers who visited her, but for the last few weeks all visitors have been rigidly excluded in order that the work of fitting the ship for the important service on which she is to be employed may be carried on with the least possible interruption. The principal work now being urged forward on board is the preparation of the enormous tanks in which the different lengths of the Atlantic cable will be coiled in readiness for its paying out. To provide the necessary space which these tanks will occupy a considerable portion of the interior of the Great Eastern, to the wing passages of the ship, has been removed, together with two of the decks, for nearly their entire length, both fore and aft, the machinery, of course, not being interfered with. The entire length of cable will be deposited in three monster tanks, and it is in the construction of these that every exertion is being used by Messrs. Westwood, Ballie, and Co., who have taken the contract. The largest of the three tanks is placed in the after part of the ship, occupying the space formerly devoted to the second-class saloon, and necessitating the entire removal of two of the decks. This tank is 58ft. in diameter and 20ft. 6in. in height. It is constructed entirely of iron, and will be perfectly watertight, the cable being placed in water from the time it is received on board until it is finally deposited in its bed in the Atlantic. The plates of which the tanks are formed are all five eighths of an inch in thickness for three courses from the bottom, and half an inch to the top. They are formed with butt-joint joints, and single-riveted throughout, with double-riveted in alternate butts. This, the largest of the tanks, is calculated to hold between 800 and 900 miles of the cable. The midship tank is 58ft. 6in. in diameter and 20ft. 6in. in height, allowing for about the same quantity of storage as the after tank. The forward tank is 51ft. in diameter and of the same depth as the other two, the quantity of cable it will hold being calculated at between 600 and 700 miles. This tank is entirely finished, and will be filled with water at once, in readiness for the reception of the first portion of the cable. The after tank is about three parts complete, but no commencement has yet been made with that which will occupy the midship portion of the vessel further than the removal of the cabins, decks, and, indeed, the entire interior portion of the ship. In order to sustain the enormous additional weight which will be placed on the decks when the whole of the nearly 3,000 miles of cable is on board, the deck on which the tanks are erected is being strengthened by a system of knees and deck-beams, while the lateral pressure of the cable against the sides of the tanks will be overcome by an arrangement of beams and supports, having for their object the confining the dead weight of the cable to the centre of the ship, and preventing, or rather overcoming, the outward pressure of the enormous mass when the vessel is rolling—as the Great Eastern does roll—at sea. This, not the least important portion of the work, is being carried out by Mr. Ouzing, the company's engineer, to whom is also assigned the general superintendence of the equipment of the vessel, the experience that gentleman gained in assisting to lay the former Atlantic telegraph cable being of great advantage in making the necessary preparations for the present undertaking. The three tanks will hold respectively 817,803 and 633 miles of cable, giving a total length of 2,253 miles; but it is intended to place a length of cable of 2,400 miles on board to allow for slack. About 800 miles, or one-third of the cable, has been completed at the works of Messrs. Glass, Elliott, and Co., Mordey-wharf, Greenwich, the rate at which it is turned out being about 100 miles per week. The first portion of the cable is expected to be shipped on board in about a fortnight from the present time, and one of the sailing vessels of war belonging to the Chatham ordinary has already been despatched to assist in conveying the cable from the works to the Great Eastern. The new cable encloses a conductor of copper strand, consisting of seven wires, six laid round one—and weighing 300lb. per nautical mile, embedded for solidity in Chatterton's compound. The gauge of the single wire is .048, or equal to the ordinary 18 gauge, and the gauge of strand .144, or the ordinary No. 10 gauge. In the old Atlantic cable, submerged in 1858, a copper strand conductor was employed, consisting of seven wires, and weighing only 107lb. per nautical mile. In the new cable the conductor is gutta serena, the same as in the former cable, but with four layers, which are laid alternately with four thin layers of Chatterton's compound. The weight of the entire insulation is 400lb. per nautical mile, against 261lb. of the old cable. The diameter of the core is .464, and the circumference 1.892in. The external protection consists of ten solid wires of No. 13 gauge, drawn from Webster and Horfall's homogeneous iron, each wire surrounded separately with five strands of Manila yard, saturated with a preservative compound, and the whole laid spirally round the core, which latter is padded with ordinary hemp saturated with a pre-

servative mixture. The weight of the cable, in air, is 35cwt. 8qrs. per nautical mile, and in water 14cwt. per knot, or equal to 11 times its weight in water per knot; that is to say, it will bear its own weight in 11 miles' depth of water. The old Atlantic cable weighed exactly 20 cwt. per nautical mile, and 13.4 cwt. per mile in water, which would be equal to 4.85 times its weight in water per knot; or, in other words, it would bear its own weight in a little less than five miles' depth of water. The breaking strength of the former cable was 3 tons 5 cwt., and that of the cable now in course of manufacture 7 tons 15 cwt., while the contract strain is equal to 11 times its weight per mile in water, against 4.85, the weight of the last cable; and as the deepest water to be encountered in the Atlantic has been found to be 2,400 fathoms, or less than 2½ nautical miles, one knot in the new cable will consequently be 4.64 times the strength requisite for the deepest water, against 2.05 the same strength in the cable originally submerged. It will thus be seen that the new cable will be more than double the strength of the first laid cable between this country and America, while the speed at which messages will be transmitted through its length by means of the improved instruments will be from eight to twelve words per minute. It is expected that the work of shipping the cable, and preparing the Great Eastern for sea will occupy about five months from the present time, and under present arrangements she will not take her departure from the Medway until June next, so as to have the best period of the year before her for her important undertaking. The statement that the great ship had been disposed of to the French Government is without foundation, and there is little doubt, should she be successful in the work on which she will be employed, preparations will at once be made for laying down a second cable between this country and America.

LONGEVITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SIR,—As it may interest your readers, I send you a copy of a history of Henry Jenkins, purporting to have been written by a Mrs. Anne Saville, and copied from the foot of a very fine engraving (upwards of a century in my family) of the old man from a picture by Waller.

Yours obediently,

D. SERRELL.

Jan. 7. Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton, in Yorkshire, who lived to the surprising age of 169, which is 16 years longer than (sic) Old Parr. The great age of Henry Jenkins, by Mrs. Anne Saville. When I came first to live at Bolton I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins, but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day, he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said that to the best of his remembrance he was about 162 or 3; and I asked what Kings he remembered. He said, Henry the Eighth. I asked, what public thing he could longest remember. He said, Flodden-field. I asked whether the King was there. He said, 'No, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was General.' I asked him how old he might be then. He said, 'I believe I might be between 10 and 12; for,' says he, 'I was sent to Northallerton with a horse load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them.' All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the Earl he named was General, and King Henry the Eighth was then at Tournay. And yet is observable that this Jenkins could neither write nor read; there were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it; and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then, too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountain's Abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life December, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire; the battle of Flodden-field was fought September the 9th, 1513, and he was about 12 years old when Flodden-field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years—viz, 16 longer than Old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdiluvian world. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He hath sworn in Chancery and other courts to above 140 years in memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the King's Remembrancer's office in the Exchequer is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering, in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced, and deposed as a witness."

HENRI QUATRE.—The town of Chartres was besieged by this renowned warrior, and at last capitulated. The magistrate of the town, on giving up his keys, thus addressed his majesty, "This town belongs to your highness by divine law, and by human law."—"And by cannon law, too," added Henry.

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER."—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SERRAVALLE.—It acts specially on the blood, and hence is the only medicine that has received the name of "The Blood Purifier." It clears the face and the body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the latent mercury, and gives new blood and life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and not as a captain or emigrant should be without on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street, London. Important Caution: See that you get the blue and red wrappers of the old Doctor's head in the centre. None others genuine.—[Advertisement.]

Varieties.

WHAT loose things generally stick pretty fast to one? Loose habits.

CERTAIN coquettes, gaily dressed, thickly powdered, and well rouged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present, how he was pleased with the French beauties. "Ladies," he replied, with great respect, "I am no judge of painting."

A PROFLIGATE young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired to toast the devil. "Oh, certainly," said a gentleman, "we can have no objection to toast any of your lordship's friends."

REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing to Morton the thinness of the house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Morton, "I should judge it owing to the piece."

A YANKEE editor closed a leader in this unhappy strain:—"The sheriff's officer is waiting for us in the other room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic; we are wanted, and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for! Heaven may forgive you, but we never can."

MEINERHOFER VON DUNKER attended a court in New York to get excused from the jury-box. "I can't unhandhold goot Englese," quoth Meinher. "What did he say?" asked the judge. "I can't unhandhold goot Englese," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat," cried the judge, "take your seat. That's no excuse; you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."

BURGOLARY.—A thief was lately caught breaking into a shop. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and arrested him with his staff. Several notes were found upon him. Another was found making an entry in a book. He was immediately taken by an artist, who was sketching somebody else at the moment.

SLIGHT RIDING.—A cynical fellow, who can't master the cash for a sleigh-ride, publishes the following recipe for his sensation:—"Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft—your feet in a pair of ice-water—drop the front door key down your back—hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says "you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

SOMETHING LIKE A LOVE—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command—I'd tear this eternal firmament in a thousand fragments; I'd gather the stars, one by one, as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousers pocket; I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendour—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee! Lend me five shillings, dearest."—*American Paper.*

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WHO ARE NERVOUS AND UNHAPPY, and who have

night-dreams and fear of being disappointed and unsuccessful.

Health and happiness secured by Dr. Thomas's elaborate work

ON PAIN, illustrated with hundreds of cases cured and restored to

restless power; on marriage, impotency, incapacity, deficiency

of natural strength and power, nervous and mental debility,

withering and wasting away of the whole constitution, which has

been shattered and debilitated; obstructions, barrenness, sterility,

female complaints and irregularities, disappointed marriage,

pregnancy, showing how, in men, from the early errors of

youth, many power is lost and destroyed, and how in women

youth, beauty, and gracefulness are lost and disappear, and how

they can be regained and restored, and restored to youth,

health, happiness, and beauty, by DR. THOMAS, at No. 9, Mark-

ham-square, King's-road, Chelsea, London. At home for consultations

from nine to one a.m. and six till eight p.m. By post

twelve stamps, or sealed envelopes, seven stamps, post free.

This book, which has cured and saved thousands of unhappy

weak men and women from a life of misery, consumption, and

death, ought to be read by everybody.—*Hospital Medical Gazette.*

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CURTIS, M.D., Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, London, W.

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and all the diseases of women, from the earliest period of

conception to the end of the puerperal period, and all the diseases

of the child, from the earliest period of conception to the end of

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